The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Dean Farrar's sequel to his great work "The Life of Christ" will not be ready until the spring of next year at the earliest. It will be found to be largely the result of the Dean's recent studies in Palestine, and to be full of entirely new matter. The title will probably be "The Life of Lives." The Dean's literary activity has been very great just lately, and it is possible that a second book will be published by him next year.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is writing a series of stories detailing the further adventures of Stalky and Co., the three heroes of the story entitled "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some little time ago. These stories, which all deal with schoolboy life at a public school, whose name is somewhat thinly disguised, will show Mr. Kipling's genius in a new light. They will, of course, be published serially both here and in America prior to being issued in book form.

We hear that Dr. Doyle is about to enter the ranks of those authors who have lately been catering for the buyer of the sixpenny novel. The "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes ' at sixpence should, we think, have an immense sale.

We hear that the first edition of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's "Roden's Corner" consisted of 25,000 copies. These figures do not, as is often the case, include the American edition. We suppose if that were added in, the total would be about 50,000.

Mr. H. G. Wells, we are glad to hear, is improving in health, and is now staying at Sandgate, in Kent, where he will probably take up his residence.

We hear that as much as thirty per cent. royalty was bid by one firm of publishers for Mr. Foster-Fraser's forthcoming book on his great cycling tour. Competition for this book has also been abnormally keen among American publishers. Mr. Foster-Fraser has brought back an immense number of photographs and vast quantities of "copy" as the result of his journey through nineteen thousand miles of country. And it is not to be forgotten that many hundreds of miles of his road in China lay through a country which an Englishman had never previously visited.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, whose stories of prison life are the most powerful and dramatic work he has yet done, is about to continue them in a series for one of the magazines. No one probably has made so close a study of the subject, and certainly no one has lately treated it so well. Mr. Tighe Hopkins is at present engaged in correcting the proofs of his elaborate work on France and the social customs of France during the Louis Quinze period. Messrs. Putnams are to publish this important book very shortly.

There is still very great restlessness in the world of journalism. The price of the *Guardian* has been lowered from sixpence to threepence, a very significant and not altogether welcome fact. Messrs. Cassell and Co. are taking a great step in the direction of cheap magazines. They are to publish a new penny magazine weekly. Sixty-four pages with illustrations are to be given. Such ventures can only succeed if an enormous public is reached, and it is still a question whether that public exists in sufficient numbers. It is a question which will not be solved until a very large sum of money is sunk. Messrs. Cassell have other ventures upon the stocks.

Mr. Max Pemberton is busily engaged in dramatising his story, "Kronstadt." The rights of production have been secured by an American manager.

In the last advertisement of the *Times* reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica there are some interesting paragraphs about the rumour that a new edition is being thought of. "No steps have yet been taken towards preparing a tenth edition, and there is no reason to suppose that if such a work should be put in hand it could be completed in less than fifteen or twenty years from now. It is not, indeed, certain that there will ever be a tenth edition. Grave doubts were entertained when the ninth edition was proposed as to whether it would ever repay the outlay it involved. The late Mr. Adam Black, who was at that time at the head of the house A. and C. Black, was so strongly opposed to the undertaking that he withdrew from the firm in order that he might not be involved in the disaster which he believed to be imminent"

Mr. Hall Caine explains that he has brought out his play, "The Christian," first in America because religious feeling is running very high in England at present. "The Church of England as an establishment appears to be on its trial. There is a strong movement against everything that savours of High Church. In America there is no established Church, and therefore no State Church agitation. The American people will judge of the play simply as a love story such as it is intended to be." Mr. Hall Caine says that he wrote "The Christian" two years ago "with all my heart and soul and strength. The discussion over it reached America, and extended even to Germany and Italy. There were many who thought the book was wrong, and there were as many who thought it was right. The love questions dealt with came very near to the hearts of people, and a good deal of feeling was displayed, but my purpose was served. 'The Christian' has made people think—that is all. Into the merits of this or that discussion arising out of my book I will not enter. I have had my say; I think the book covers everything."

The work in the publishing firm of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson hitherto undertaken by Mr. G. B. Burgin is to be transferred to the capable hands of Mr. Johnston, who has for some time been connected with the house.

Mr. Ernest Gilliat-Smith, whose "Songs from Prudentius" were received so favourably a short time since, publishes immediately through Mr. Elkin Mathews a new volume entitled "Fantasies from Dreamland," dealing with some legends of Saint Dunston of Glastonbury.

Messrs. Ellis and Elvey are about to issue a handy volume edition of D. G. Rossetti's "House of Life," with photogravure frontispiece, for half-a-crown. Other volumes are in preparation, and will be published in due course under the title of "The Siddal Edition."

The publication of Mr. Richard Marsh's novel, "Ada Vernham, Actress," having been postponed till January next, Mr. John Long will publish at the commencement of October another volume by the same author, entitled "Curios, Some Strange Adventures of Two Old Bachelors." The work will be illustrated by a leading artist, and treats of an unusual theme on original lines.

It may be recollected that M. Paul Sabatier, the biographer of Saint Francis of Assisi, discovered last year the oldest life of the Saint, written by his favourite disciple, Brother Leo. Dr. Sebastian has translated the Latin original, and Mr. David Nutt will publish his version immediately.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's prose version of Omar Khayyam, published some ten years ago by Mr. Nutt, almost ranks with the first edition of FitzGerald as an Omar rarity. Mr. McCarthy has revised and abridged his version, and it will be issued almost immediately by Mr. Nutt.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences, which will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, ought to be very interesting. They will begin with a description of London as it was when the author first knew it in 1852. This will include a reminiscence of the great Duke of Wellington. The author proceeds through names like Brougham, Bismarck, Cobden, Bright, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Robert Browning, John Stuart Mill, to Meredith, Hardy, Henry James, and Mrs. Lynn Linton. There are many highly interesting letters by Bright which appear for the first time in print. Mr. McCarthy visited the United States in 1868, and remained two years, making the acquaintance of Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and many others. He gives recollections of the Bohemia of London in its earlier days, and draws some pictures of the better and nobler Bohemia of an artistic and literary society which flourished in the regions of Fitzroy Square during more recent days, but which has long disappeared since then, and scattered itself over the West End of London. There are also, as might be expected, a good many political recollections, and altogether the book promises very well.

Professor Ashley, of Harvard, is having a holiday for a year. Dr. Ashley, who is a son-in-law of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, is well known as one of the ablest of living economists. His place at Harvard will be taken for six months by Dr. William Cunningham, of Cambridge.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is publishing her new book, "The People of our Neighbourhood," with Messrs. Doubleday, McClure and Co.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new book, "Ave Roma Immortalis: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome," is said to be unlike any of the numerous books which have been written about Rome. Mr. Crawford spent his childhood and youth in the Eternal City, and has for many years been a close student of the old Latin and Italian chronicles, in many of which there are true stories more tremendous than any writer of fiction would dare to invent. Mr. Crawford takes the fourteen different regions into which the city was divided in mediæval times, and goes through with one after another describing the characteristic buildings of each as they have been in different ages and as we see them now, and giving the histories of the people who lived in them. There are thirty full-page illustrations in photogravure, and a hundred other illustrations which have been specially drawn for the text.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been spending the summer at Hindhead, Haslemere. The house she occupies is Sir Frederick Pollock's, and is within a short distance of the one which belonged to the late Prof. Tyndall. Dr. Doyle's house, Undershaw, which is in the same neighbourhood, is now completed, and he has been living there since his return from abroad.

There is a rumour going about that not more than £25,000 was paid for Messrs. Bentley's business by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Miss Braddon has been spending a part of the summer in the Italian lake district.

It is announced that the Encyclopædia Biblica, edited by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Black, will be in four octavo volumes, priced at sixteen shillings each.

We hear that the sale of the penny edition of "The Sign of Four," which Messrs. Newnes issued some little time ago, exceeded 200,000 copies. If we remember rightly, the sale of Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" in Mr. Stead's Penny Series greatly exceeded this number.

The title of Mr. Maclaren Cobban's new novel has been altered from "The Young Marquis" to "The Angel of the Covenant." It will be published in this country by Messrs. Methuen towards the end of the month, and simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Fenno.

Both Mr. Bertram Mitford and Mr. Morley Roberts are at present travelling in Rhodesia.

"The Camp at the Wandinong" is the title of a new book by Miss Ethel Turner, which will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

The title of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new book of short stories will be "Sea Urchins."

Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Phil May, and Mr. Robert Barr will be amongst those present at the "send-off" dinner to be given to Mr. A. S. Boyd, the artist, in the middle of October. The editor of the *Morning Post* will take the chair.

Those who have been privileged to read Mr. Lewis Hind's new story are speaking in high terms of it. It will probably be published in October. It is a fantastic-humorous, and sometimes tragic drama, entirely original, yet here and there suggestive of Wilkie Collins and Mr. Gilbert.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

AUGUST 22ND TO SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1898.

The autumn revival of business is now general, having commenced about a week or so later than is customary. Apparently the schools did not settle down to work quite so promptly as usual. There is every prospect of a good season, and publishers are already putting large numbers of books on the market. The trade with the colonies and abroad generally continues satisfactory, and the majority of Christmas stock is shipped. "Rupert of Hentzau," by Anthony Hope, is the leading book of the hour. Next in order are "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and "Roden's Corner," by H. S. Merriman. The 6s. novel still reigns supreme; and there is a revival in the issue of volumes of short stories at the same price.

Books dealing with the Soudan are attracting much notice; for example, "Sirdar and Khalifa," by B. Burleigh, and "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," by Slatin Pasha.

There has again been a good trade in school books. Meiklejohn's Grammar, Geography, and History have been selling by hundreds. Dr. Wm. Smith's Classical Grammars and Students' Manuals continue to be in favour with the higher class schools. A curious feature in the sale of educational books is noticed in the fact that South Africa uses many of the older books which have been superseded at home.

Theological and religious works are in the background. The nearest approach to a demand to anything of the kind is found in the sales of "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," and "Life in a Modern Monastery."

The cheaper edition of Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India" is following in the track of the two-volume edition and selling freely.

Books on physical culture are popular. Sandow's book on "Strength" is in continued demand.

Very little business is being done in poetry; perhaps the weather has been too hot to admit of it.

Among magazines the striking feature is the wonderful sale of the *Harmsworth Magazine* and the *Wide World Magazine*. The *Strand Magazine* is very popular, also *Pearson's*, the *Pall Mall*, and *English Illustrated*. The *Woman at Home* still leads in its class.

Reprints of copyright popular novels at 6d. are in great demand. Many new ones are announced. New books and new editions are already appearing in large numbers, as mentioned above. If publishers can see their way to lessen the number, without allowing the quality to suffer, the trade will be truly grateful. With the present state of things, cataloguing is a tremendous task, and if indexing be added, the time occupied is a serious incursion into the limits of a day.

The list appended is taken on the usual lines, and it will be noticed that the 6s. novel is the principal item. There is certainly an element of permanence in some of the books now selling freely, as they have already figured in this column.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Romance of the First Consul. By M. Malling. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The House of the Hidden Treasure. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Richards.)
To Arms. By A. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Town Traveller. By G. Gissing. 6s. (Methuen.)
Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Dicky Monteith. By T. Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)
Bam Wildfire. By H. Mathers. 6s. (Burleigh.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
God's Outcast. By S. K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
R. N. Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Macmillan.)
Bismarck. By M. Busch. 3 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Sirdar and Khalifa. By B. Burleigh. 12s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Life in a Modern Monastery. By J. McCabe. 6s. (Richards.)
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale.)
Meiklejohn's Grammar, Geography, and History. 4s. 6d. each. (Holden.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 27—Home trade quiet. Foreign and colonial departments fairly busy.
Sept. 3—Business in the home departments showed signs of revival. Colonial and foreign unchanged.
" 10—A better week for home trade generally. Export departments still well employed.
" 17—A fairly busy week with school books. Foreign business continues good.

(2) SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1898.

We have to report a considerable improvement in trade during the past month, more particularly in the sale of educational works, as schools and colleges resumed after the holidays. Several important volumes in biography, fiction, and Scotch literature came to hand and met with success.

The stirring events connected with the reconquest of the Soudan led to a ready sale of such works as Bennett Burleigh's "Sirdar and Khalifa," anything on General Gordon's career, and notably the sixpenny issue of "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," which appeared most opportunely, and sold in thousands.

Whilst the holidays continued, the sixpenny editions of well-known books by Stevenson, Haggard, Black, and Clark Russell were in great demand, and special mention may be made of the popularity of "Treasure Island," "King Solomon's Mines," "Kidnapped," and "Princess of Thule."

The most popular six-shilling novels issued were William Black's "Wild Eelin," Neil Munro's "John Splendid," and Merriman's "Roden's Corner." These, along with the three recently published volumes, "Rupert of Hentzau," "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," and "In High Places," kept the trade somewhat brisk.

A cheap edition of Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India" proved one of the best books of the month, and was well received, as also was the second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography, and Dr. Whyte's Appreciation of Sir Thomas Browne.

"Penelope's Experiences in Scotland" continued to be asked for, and Jerome's "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" revived recollections of that author's humour in his earlier works.

In travel, the most important and interesting works were "Northward Over the Great Ice," by Lieut. Peary, and "China in Transformation," by Colquhoun, referred to in our last report.

The magazine trade was exceptionally good, the *Strand*, *Windsor*, and *Pearson* going off in large quantities, whilst special reference ought to be made of the growing interest in the *Wide World Magazine*, owing to the thrilling narrative of adventures by M. De Rougemont. The following may be taken as a list of the best selling books of the month :—

Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Wild Eelin. By William Black. 6s. (Low and Co.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Sirdar and Khalifa. By B. Burleigh. 12s. (Chapman.)
John Splendid. By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Miss Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)
In High Places. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
To Arms. By A. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Town Traveller. By Gissing. 6s. (Methuen.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Jerome's Second Thoughts. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By W. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harpers.)

And the following sixpenny issues :

Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp.
Treasure Island.
Kidnapped.
King Solomon's Mines.
Daughter of Heth.
Princess of Thule.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We have received many of the publishers' announcements for the season, and according to our custom we select a few of the more significant.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.—Shropshire. By Augustus J. C. Hare. With fifty woodcuts from drawings by the Author, and a specially engraved map of the county. Ruskin and Rossetti: Letters of Ruskin, Rossetti, and other members of the Præraphaelite School, 1854-1862. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. Wisdom and Destiny: A new book of Essays. By Maurice Maeterlinck, Author of the 'Treasure of the Humble.' Translated by Alfred Sutro. The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemikl, or, The Shadowless Man. By Chamisso, with an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs, and eight full-page drawings by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The Literary Year Book, 1899. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Emma. By Jane Austen. A new edition, illustrated with eighty-seven pen drawings by Chris Hammond. A new edition of 'Praeterita.' By John Ruskin.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SONS.—In the "Victorian Era Series": Charles Kingsley. By Dean Stubbs. The Growth of London, 1837-1897. By G. L. Gomme. Recent Advances in Astronomy. By Dr. A. H. Fison. The Science of Life. By J. A. Thompson. Indian Life and Thought since the Mutiny. By Prof. R. P. Karkaria. Tennyson, a Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.—Annals of a Publishing House. Vol. III.—John Blackwood. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gerald Porter. With two portraits and View of Strathtyrum. A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens, Author of 'The Land of the Dollar,' 'With the Conquering Turk,' 'Egypt in 1898,' etc. With five maps. 6s. The Shuttle of an Empire's Loom; or Five Months before the Mast on a modern Steam Cargo-boat. By Harry Vandervell. In the Niger Country. By Harold Bindloss. With maps. The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. By James Robertson, D.D. 10s. 6d. Windyhaugh. By Graham Travers. Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson. By May Sinclair. Holland and the Hollanders. By D. S. Meldrum. Essays on Nature and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. With portrait. 3s. 6d. Books and Culture. By the same Author. 3s. 6d. Periods of European Literature (Edited by Professor Saintsbury). New Volumes: The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. The Augustan Ages. By Oliver Elton. The Sovereignty of the Sea; an Historical Account of the Claims to the Exclusive Dominion of the British Seas and of the Evolution of the Territorial Waters, with Special Reference to the Rights of Fishing. By T. Wemyss Fulton, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc., etc., Scientific Superintendent of Fisheries. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. The County Histories of Scotland. With Maps. 7s. 6d. net each. New Volumes: Roxburgh, Peebles, and Selkirk, by Sir George Douglas, Bart., of Springwood; Aberdeen and Banff, by Alexander Allardyce and William Watt; Stirling and Dumbarton, by D. Hay Fleming, LL.D.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.—The New Far East. By A. Diosy. Mysteries of the Police and Crime. By Major A. Griffiths. Sir William White. By Sutherland Edwards. Newman Hall: an Autobiography. Potsherds. By Mrs. H. Birchenough. The Refiner's Fire. By M. Hockliffe. The Shellback. By A. J. Boyd. The Rebellion of Lil. Carrington. By L. T. Meade. Wild Life at Home: How to Study and Photograph It. By R. Kearton. Michael Faraday. By Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson. The Coming of the Kilogram; or, the Battle of the Standards. By H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. Some Persons Unknown; Stories by E. W. Hornung.

MESSRS. W. AND R. CHAMBERS.—Dash and Daring; stories by G. A. Henty, G. M. Fenn, and others. The Girls of St. Wode's. By L. T. Meade. Draw Swords! By G. M. Fenn. Belle. By the Author of 'Laddie.' Hermy. By Mrs. Molesworth. The White Princess of the Hidden City. By D. L. Johnstone. O'er Tartar Deserts. By D. Ker. Nic Revel. By G. M. Fenn. Greyling Towers. By Mrs. Molesworth. Cola Monti. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' A New Book of Readings and Recitations. Edited by R. C. H. Morison.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.—Infatuation, a new "Times" novel (in preparation). By B. M. Croker, Author of 'Miss Balmaine's Past.' 6s. Beyond the Pale. By B. M. Croker. 3s. 6d. Joan, the Curate. By Florence Warden, Author of 'The House on the Marsh,' etc. 3s. 6d.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.—Spinoza's Life and Philosophy. By Sir F. Pollock. New Letters of W. S. Landor, Private and Public. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. Tom-Tit-Tot: an Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale. By E. Clodd. A Translation of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature. By Dr. J. Texte. Essays on Dante. By Dr. Karl Witte. Translated by C. M. Lawrence and P. H. Wicksteed. The Thoughts of Joubert. Selected and translated by the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lyttelton. Some Verses. By Helen Hay. In the Modern Plays Series: Translations of Verhaeven's The Dawn (Les Aubes). By Arthur Symons. Ostrovsky's The Storm. By Constance Garnett. Maeterlinck's Interieur. By William Archer. La Mort de Tintagiles and Alladine et Palomides. By Alfred Sutro. Working Women in Factories, Workshops, and Laundries, and How to Help Them. By Mrs. H. J. Tennant and Miss Mona Wilson.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.—A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Disciples of Æsculapius; biographies of the leaders of medicine. By the late Sir B. W. Richardson. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Prince Krapotkin. The Human Race; a history of the races of mankind. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. The Virgin Saints and Martyrs. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Kings of the Hunting Field; memoirs and anecdotes. By Thormanby. Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover. By Miss Sarah Tytler. Nelson's Friendships. By the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin. The Fatal Gift. By Mr. F. Frankfort Moore. Mollie's Prince. By Miss Rosa N. Carey. A Son of Empire. By Mr. Morley Roberts. Petticoat Loose. By Rita. The Silver Cross: an Historical Romance. By Dr. S. R. Keightley. Samuel Boyd, of Catchpole Square: a Mystery. By Mr. B. L. Farjeon. A Queen of Atlantis.

Mr. John Lane.—The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley. Edited by H. C. Marillier. Sketches and Cartoons. By Charles Dana Gibson. The Californians: A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. Grey Weather. By John Buchan. Idols. By William J. Locke. Godfrida: A Play. By John Davidson. Poems. By A. Bernard Miall. Poems (complete) of Robert S. Hawker. Poems of Emile Verhaeren; selected and Englished by Alma Strettell. A Vindication of Eve, and Other Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. The Tompkins Verses. Edited by Barry Pain. The Alhambra, and other Poems. By F. B. Money-Coutts. Dream Days. By Kenneth Grahame. Bells and Shadows, and other Essays. By Alice Meynell. Shakespeare's Sonnets. Illustrated by H. Ospovat. A Study in Shadows. By W. J. Locke. A Deliverance. By Allan Monkhouse. Pan and the Young Shepherd; a Pastoral. By Maurice Hewlett. The New Noah's Ark. By J. J. Bell. Mr. Passingham. By Thomas Cobb. Two in Captivity. By Vincent Brown. We Women and our Authors. Translated from the German of Laura M. Hansson. By Hermione Ramsden. The Repentance of a Private Secretary. By Stephen Gwynn.

Messrs. Longman and Co.—Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By Lieut.-Col. Henderson, of the Staff College. Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes. By A. M. F. The fourth and final volume of The Memoirs of the Verney Family, bringing the family history down to the death of Sir Ralph Verney in 1696. The Companions of Pickle: being a Sequel to Pickle the Spy. By Andrew Lang. The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, from 1796. Edited by Mr. J. H. Adeane. Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times. By the Right Hon. Lord Ashbourne. Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. By Professor Laughton. Hope the Hermit: a Romance of Borrowdale. By Edna Lyall. The Heart of Denise, and other Stories. By Mr. Levett-Yeats. Old Chester Tales. By Mrs. Margaret Deland. Swallow: a Tale of the Great Trek. By Mr. Rider Haggard. Memories of an old Collector. By Count M. Tyszkiewicz, translated from the French by Mrs. Andrew Lang. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Selected and edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, with illustrations by H. J. Ford. Also some further volumes of the collected edition of Professor Max Müller's works.

Mr. Macqueen.—Bismarck at Home. By Jules Hoche. 7s. 6d. Jane Follett; a Novel. By George Wemyss. 6s. The Luck of the Native Born; a Story of Adventure. By J. A. Barry. 6s.

Mr. Elkin Mathews.—The Island Race and Admirals All. By Mr. Henry Newbolt. Fourteenth edition. Papers from *Punch*. By Mr. H. D. Browne. Adventures of a Goldsmith. By Miss M. H. Bourchier. Second edition. The Garland of New Poetry, and More Baby Lays. By Miss Ada Stow and Miss Edith Calvert. The Singers. By H. W. Longfellow. With nine etchings by Mr. Arthur Robertson. Ballads and Etchings. By Miss Alice Sargant and Mr. William Strang. Fantasias from Dreamland. By Mr. E. Galliat-Smith. The Wind Among the Reeds. By Mr. W. B. Yeats. In a Village. By Mr. John A. Bridges. Roses and Rue. By Miss Alice Furlong.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SHORTER'S REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—I should like to add a few words to Mr. Clement Shorter's Bookshelves Reminiscences in your last number. I most heartily endorse his opinion of boys' books in the sixties. The series of the *Boy's Own Magazine* (I have 1861-68, but doubt if that is the complete collection) is, if it can be found, the best present for a boy of ten to fourteen that can be imagined. Both Edgar (the author of "The Black Prince's Page") and James Greenwood, who were the regular "serialists," are, in my opinion, far superior to any boys' writers of the present day. The latter's "Silas the Conjuror" is still in print, I see, but why do not Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. reprint "Reuben Davidger," and, above all, "Prince Jack of Fiji," out and away the best South Seas story for boys ever written? By the bye, I suppose Messrs. Chatto and Windus own the copyright of Greenwood's "Hatchet Throwers," a most delightful "lying tale," with perhaps the best and most characteristic illustrations Griset ever drew. If so, let them reprint. Again, in the "Young Norseman," the *Boy's Own* printed the longest story due to that original half-genius Brighty Rands, which contains, too, the best retellings of the Eddaic stories (outside Dasent's version of the Edda) I know in English. The chief merit of the *Boy's Own* is its absolute freedom from the detestable vulgarity and smartness of present-day boys' magazines. As for *Good Words for the Young*, the four volumes of that admirable magazine, the best ever issued for children, will some day be worth their weight in gold, if only because they contain an immense amount of Arthur Hughes' work, and of his best work. I see, by the bye, it is proposed to re-issue "Lilliput Revels" and "Lilliput Levee," by Rands (writing under the pseudonym of Matthew Browne), with illustrations by Mr. Charles Robinson. I admire the latter's work sincerely, but it is a sacrilege to re-illustrate the Lilliput series after Arthur Hughes, many of whose drawings for it are among the very finest things English art has done in this or any other century.

I don't know *Merry and Wise*, to which Mr. Shorter alludes, but I have a keenly pleasurable recollection of the American *Young Folks* (1866-1871?), if only for the William Henry Letters, and the brilliant sketches of Western prairie life in the late seventies by "Theodora," who ought, to judge by their promise, to have become the cleverest of the many clever women writers the States have produced. If this meets the eye of an American reader who can tell me what became of "Theodora," I should much like to know.

Both Mr. Shorter and I are, I suppose, old fogies now. Well, we have the pleasure of reminiscencing.—Faithfully,

Alfred Nutt.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—In his most interesting article, "My Bookshelves," in your current issue, Mr. Clement K. Shorter makes a slight slip in attributing the appearance of "Cressy and Poictiers," or "The Black Prince's Page," to Routledge's *Boy's Own Annual.* This story, written by the late J. E. Edgar, appeared serially in Beeton's *Boy's Own Magazine*, and we so far share Mr. Shorter's good opinion of its merits that we have prepared a handsomely illustrated edition to place on the market this autumn—together with two other volumes by the same writer, entitled "How I Won my Spurs" and "Runnymeade and Lincoln Fair." Your kind mention of the above will oblige, yours faithfully,

Ward, Lock and Co., Limited.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Lakeland, September 25th, 1898.

It is a great privilege to be asked to write a literary letter to The Bookman. The difficulty of anyway living up to that privilege is enhanced when, as in the present case, I find myself remote from a library and accompanied to Windermere by few books other than guide-books. Guide-books, however, it would not be difficult to maintain, afford abundant fruit for the literary paragraphist. I should like to write an essay upon their deterioration, for which it seems to me a certain Herr Baedeker is mainly responsible.

* * * *

Those old guide-books of the Murrays were, I think, full of good things. Your imagination was excited by ghost stories, traditions, fairy-tales; you enhanced your knowledge of literature and history by the emphasis that was put upon great writers and great events. All this is changed. Mr. Baedeker discovered that the German and the Englishman alike were principally concerned with their dinner, and that their wives were principally concerned with the price of it. And so guide-books reduced themselves to concise collections of hard facts.

* * * *

I have three modern guides to the English Lakes with me, and all have their place, all have qualities which make it hard to say which is the best. The one that is most in evidence in booksellers' shops here is Ward and Lock's Illustrated Guide. This, no doubt, is on account of its cheapness, for it is a marvellous shillingsworth, and, curiously enough, contains more "literature" than the others, as well as more information about hotel charges, churches, chapels, etc. The anonymous compiler should not, however, state that Wordsworth and "his friend Coleridge" lie buried in Grasmere Churchyard. He doubtless knows that it is Hartley Coleridge who is there buried, and that *the* Coleridge, Hartley's father, was buried at Highgate. There is only *one* "Coleridge" of that illustrious name, and the sentence may be misunderstood. Jenkinson's Practical Guide is published by Stanford at seven shillings. It justifies its name, it is very practical, and contains over a hundred pages of botany, zoology, and mineralogy. Black's Guide, compiled by Mr. Hope Moncrieff, is now in its twenty-second edition. Mr. Moncrieff has written stories for boys, I believe, under the name of Adrian Hope, and this is a guarantee of lucidity. His book is only half-a-crown, but it has the best maps. Each of the three contains certain facts that are not in the others.

* * * *

My point, however, is that the best of all guides to the lakes was written more than eighty years ago, and was written by Wordsworth himself. The thing can only be tested by carrying with one into this delightful scenery that *Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England, with a Description of the Scenery for the use of Tourists and Residents*, which Wordsworth first issued in 1810, and which was reprinted in many forms, the final and most accessible shape being that of Professor Knight's "Wordsworth," where it forms the second volume of "Prose Works" in Macmillan's Eversley edition. The book is beautifully written. I had not realised before that Wordsworth's prose style was so fine. Nine-enths of it, moreover, is not in the least old-fashioned. One is made to understand the relation of the lakes to one another and their distinctive characteristics in a way that no modern book can teach us. Think of the poet whose work in poetry still dominates the English lake country as that of Sir Walter Scott dominates the lakes of Scotland having written a guide-book. Someone, indeed, asked Wordsworth if he had ever written anything else! Carlyle declared that Scott had written a rhyming guide to the Scottish lakes. Wordsworth has written a guide in prose for those who are as intolerant as was Carlyle of the verse form.

* * * *

It is interesting to note the extent to which the memory of Wordsworth, although he has been dead nearly fifty years, overrules this scenery. The very coachman will point you out this or that spot associated with his name and work with infinite zest. Wordsworth's four successive houses, one of them, Grasmere Vicarage, entirely rebuilt, Wordsworth's Seat, the Wishing Gate—also renewed—the Stepping Stones—there are a hundred such associations. Even the persistence of the family of Wordsworth in the district strikes the imagination. Here at Stepping Stones Cottage lives Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet, and here in the Grasmere Road Mrs. Mayor, a granddaughter of Wordsworth, whose husband, Colonel Mayor, would seem to be very popular in the neighbourhood.

* * * *

Dove Cottage at Grasmere, where Wordsworth spent his early married life, and where he was followed by De Quincey, is the most frequently visited spot in the district associated with the poet. Since Mr. Stopford Brooke and the Wordsworth Society took possession of the cottage some few years ago there have been a multitude of visitors, who pay their sixpence readily enough to see the simple cottage in which Wordsworth lived with his sister while some of his best lyrics were being composed, and where his early married life was passed. I found that Professor Knight was engaged in arranging the library of Wordsworthiana that he has collected, and which with a considerable flourish of trumpets he has presented to the Dove Cottage trustees. He sat, while I was there, in the family sitting-room, apparently resenting the entrance of the merely frivolous public. I, as one of that public, resent the appearance of Professor Knight's books in the cottage. Already it has lost much of the charm which it had in old days, before it was made into a show place. Then it was only accessible to the enthusiast by payment of a trifle to the cottager who lived there. Its rough, unkempt character and its wild garden gave it more of an atmosphere suggestive of its famous occupants. Now it is too tidy, too well organised to have much suggestion of poetry, and when one of its little rooms is crowded up with all kinds of spick and span books about Wordsworth, most of them worthless, the last touch will be given to the vulgarising of the place.

* * * *

The graves in Grasmere Churchyard have been often described. Wordsworth, his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren lie side by side, and Hartley Coleridge not far away. One tombstone I had not noticed before. It records the death of Arthur Hugh Clough and his burial at Florence, where many of us have seen the tomb, not far from that of Mrs. Browning. Inside Grasmere Church there is a fine tablet to Wordsworth, and at Ambleside there is a Wordsworth chapel adjoining the church. I have been also to Hawkshead, where one can enter the schoolroom undisturbed, and see Wordsworth's name carved in a bench. The school benches may well be a hundred years old, and the boy Wordsworth at any rate looked up at the portrait of Archbishop Sandys, the founder of the school, which still forms its principal decoration. In Hawkshead I think the Wordsworth traditions are freest from the taint of vulgarity.

* * * *

There are many other memories called up by a few miles of Lakeland. Harriet Martineau, once the most talked of writer of the day, and with sufficient intellectual arrogance to have furnished forth a dozen or so of successful authors, lives only as a vague memory. Who reads her stories, her controversial papers, her voluminous histories? Her "Guide to the Lakes," which I have also, is readable and is worth reprinting. I doubt if her other books will ever be republished. But I suppose that her house at Ambleside will always be pointed out. It is still occupied by members of her family. Dr. Arnold's house also—Fox How—is occupied by a Miss Arnold, and Mr. W. E. Forster's widow, also an Arnold, occupies Fox Ghyll. But there are no Southeys, Shelleys, De Quinceys, and Wilsons to carry on the traditions of that golden age.

* * * *

Mr. Ruskin has poured so much scorn upon the bicycle, although perhaps his present use of the bath-chair has made him more tolerant, that it is difficult to avow oneself a consistent Ruskinian when one acknowledges to having cycled the fourteen miles round Coniston Lake. That side opposite Coniston where Mr. Ruskin has made his home is much the most picturesque, with its lovely shadows, its pinewoods, its fine view of the Old Man of Coniston. But as it rom very irony of Mr. Ruskin's scorn of the steamboats on the Grand Canal at Venice, a steam gondola—was the gondola form adopted as a conciliatory step?—plies to and fro across the lake. Mr. Ruskin, moreover, has shared with Wordsworth a detestation of the railway-train intruding itself into the lake district, and now, alas! the steam of the engine which carries tourists from Coniston to Furness can be seen from his windows at Brantwood. Brantwood, by the way, was once owned by Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known engraver, whose wife, Mrs. Lynn Linton, wrote her book on the "Lake Country" here soon after she was married.

* * * *

I am but beginning my round of the literary associations of Lakeland. Canon Rawnsley has written of them all so admirably. If only he would not attempt to rival Wordsworth in both branches of literature. The Canon's verses are intolerable. His guide-book is no doubt much better than most.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

THE READER.

CAN THE NEW THREEPENNY MAGAZINE BE MADE TO PAY?

BY A CORRESPONDENT.[*]

TO produce a threepenny illustrated magazine, almost as large as the largest sixpenny magazine and larger than many, is obviously a daring venture. It has been taken in hand by Messrs. Harmsworth—a firm of immense resources and enterprise, with an unmatched organisation. They have been obliged to raise the nominal price to 3½d., but many copies are still sold at 3d., particularly in drapers' shops. Messrs. Pearson announce a magazine the price of which is to be 3d. A million copies of the first number are to be printed. The sale of the second number of *Harmsworth's* is put at a million. The question put everywhere is, "Can this pay?"

In attempting to answer this question, it is first of all necessary to disclaim absolute accuracy in the figures. I have no access to Messrs. Harmsworth's accounts or to what may be called official information. Printers and paper-makers are not familiar with orders for a million copies of one magazine; in fact, the thing is unprecedented. At the same time the figures given may possibly not be far from the truth, and are based on practical knowledge.

Taking one million as the actual number of copies printed, I should put the cost of the paper for each copy at 1⅜d. nett. It cannot well cost less. The paper is very good—the first sixteen pages in my copy of No. 2 being an excellent "art" paper, which is very expensive. The "duplex" wrapper paper is a heavy item.

The printing may be put at 1⅛d. per copy nett.

Thus the copy as it stands costs 2½d. It is sold to the ordinary newsagent (not wholesale) at 2¾d. This would show a profit of ¼d. per copy. This would mean roughly a profit of £1,000 a month. To this fall to be added the receipts for advertisements. These cannot be exactly reckoned, but at present £1,500 per number is perhaps a fair estimate. This would show a profit on each number of £2,500.

Serious deductions, however, must be made from this.

1. In the first place there come cost of distribution and trade discounts. These cannot be put lower than 10 per cent. of the nett receipts. The wholesalers (through whom the bulk is sold) receive 5 per cent. discount, and carriage is paid on four dozen and upwards. Packing and office expenses are also very heavy. Allow roughly £1,400 for these, and the profit is reduced to £1,100. Another very serious item is the returns. The returns on 1,000,000 copies cannot be fewer than 100,000. There is a great risk of over-printing, as the magazine has to be printed far in advance. The cost of 100,000 copies is £1,000. It would be a liberal estimate to say that the stock is worth £400. £600 more must be deducted, leaving the profit at £500.

Authors and artists have still to be paid. In some magazines the cost of authorship is very heavy. The English rights of a short story by Rudyard Kipling cost now about £250. Messrs. Harmsworth could afford to pay authors the highest price in the market, but they are of opinion that names do not swell circulation and they do not seek after them. Artists they pay liberally, and the art department of the magazine is carefully edited. Perhaps £400 might be named as covering the expenditure for authors and artists.

It will be seen that practically no profit is left. I have allowed nothing for advertisements, bills, etc.

My conclusion is that if the threepenny magazine is to be made a valuable property, it must be through the great development of advertisements. If the advertisements equalled those of the American magazines, a sure and very handsome profit would be realised, provided that a circulation of a million was reached. If there is no such development, it is possible that in powerful and experienced hands like those of Messrs. Harmsworth the magazine may be made to pay, but it will not become a property of the first rank, and considerable risk will always attend it.

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[*] The writer of this article has a practical knowledge of the printing and paper trades, but he does not himself claim definite accuracy for his figures, and they must be taken as merely tentative. We shall be very glad to publish any competent criticisms.—Ed. BOOKMAN.

MY LANDLADY'S LIBRARY.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

"MRS. DANKS," I say to my landlady, "it looks like a wet evening."

My landlady goes over to the bow window and frowns at the rain that is pelting down on the empty Marine Crescent and away on the blank open sea, but the rain does not stop, and Mrs. Danks sighs apologetically.

"Sir," replies my landlady, with a burst of frankness, "it *is* a wet evening."

"Have you anything to read in the house, Mrs. Danks?"

"Let me see," reflects my landlady, placing her hand over her eyes the better to concentrate her thoughts. "I've got—I've got 'Ben Hur.'"

"Anything else?"

"I tell you what, sir," cries my landlady, with a sudden inspiration, "I'll bring 'em all in to you, and then you can pick and choose."

Wherefore Mrs. Danks's library is placed on the scarlet cloth'd table before me, and I am alone with them to taste where I may. The books number about a dozen, and I fancy that they are mainly legacies left by previous boarders, although it is true that one called "After Ophir, or the Land of Gold," the most importantly bound volume of the lot, bears an inscription in violet ink to the effect that it was presented to Georgina Danks for General Improvement and Grammar, 22nd December, 1861, (signed) Lucy Worfield, Head Mistress. Two have but one cover; one has no cover at all, and is held by the original gum, which seems to be the only portion of the binder's art which has stood the test of years. Amongst them all I think I am most pleased to see "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays." In my own schooldays Jack Harkaway was the object of my sincere admiration, and I know that I used to bewail my fate in being sent to an establishment where there were no eccentric under-masters on whom practical jokes could be played; no delightful daughters of the head-master for whose dear sake one could do acts of daring bravery. Now as I open the musty-smelling pages I am again in the company of the villain Hunston, who was always nearly disappearing and always being left for dead, but never really disappearing and never really dead, but ever arranging black-hearted schemes to confound my friend Master Harkaway, and ever getting the worst of it. Where is page eight? That was my favourite. Page eight gave me in the old days more real pleasure than Euclid was ever able to afford.

"With a subdued howl the schoolmaster sprang from his seat like one of the bounding brothers of Ispahan and murmured, while his face was distorted with rage, "This is painful, extremely painful." "What has happened?" cried Mr. Scratchley. "That boy has been up to his tricks again," said Mrs. Scratchley. "Why," said Jack in astonishment, "if the gentleman hasn't sat down on the point of a packing needle!"

Somehow I am not amused. Can it be that I have changed my point of view in regard to humour in literature; can it be that I am growing—Stop, stop!

"Lovely Lilian, or Did She Do Right?" One matter in which Lilian erred was, I think, in having herself bound in cardboard instead of adventuring another sixpence and robing herself in cloth; the result of this economy is seen in the fact that the back cover has disappeared, taking with it the pages containing the *dénouement*. Thus it is that the last existing page leaves her in a perilous situation with a Captain Marler who ejaculates cynically, bitterly, caustically, sneeringly; in one acute instance throwing away his half-finished cigarette with a scornful laugh. When she appeals to his honour, Captain Marler says, "Pshaw!" when she reminds him that she is pledged to another he remarks, "Pooh!" and when she threatens to make society ring with the news of his behaviour he growls, "Humph!" My sympathies are with Lilian entirely, for I feel that she could never be really happy with a man whose conversational powers were of so limited a character. I hope that John Seaton of Manchester burst the door open and with one blow of his brawny fist sent the deplorable Captain staggering to the corner, and in my own mind I have little doubt but that this was what really happened in the pages that have gone with the back cover.

"Poems for Recitation and Others, by Nemo." It is a hard word to say about Nemo, perhaps, but I cannot help thinking that he paid for the production of this volume. The name of the publisher supports the assumption; I'll be bound that Nemo had to send a cheque with the manuscript, and that £50 was something like the amount. There is no great harm in the poems so far as I can see; they are not calculated to undermine the moral basis of the world; if they have a fault it is that the metre is not precise, and that necessity for finding rhymes is too often evaded by the expedient of using the same word again. In "The Engine-Driver's Wife," for instance,

> "And there across the shining rails
> He saw a woman's form,
> It took the briefest instant
> His project quick to form."

Half-way through the book, Nemo gives up writing for the voice and flames out into love songs, if you please, addressed to Miss X. and to Aline, and to Ma Chère Amie, and to such a number of other ladies that the construction is forced upon one that Nemo in his day must have been quite a blade. To finish, there are "Thoughts" which consist of mere snatches thrown off, I take it, in Nemo's idle moments, with a heading that is sometimes as long as the verse, as in "Thought on Gazing at the Lake of Lucerne on a Misty Day from the Rigi, during the Late Summer of '85 in company with my friend Z—"

> "Behind the impenetrable veil
> What loveliness may hide,
> Were it not best to rest content
> Nor tear the veil aside?"

The rain beats desperately and clamorously now against the bay window, and a darker look has come in the sky away over the sea. To the pier entrance Mr. and Mrs. Webley, humorous duettists and drawing-room entertainers ("Webley's Wit and Wisdom"), are blown by the wind, together with Miss Webley, who assists her parents afternoon and evening in the pavilion by giving marvellous imitations of musical instruments and farm-yard animals, and the three, after a brief interview with the man in the ticket office, relinquish all idea of giving a performance, and stagger against the wind and rain across the parade in the direction of their rooms at the back of the town. The man in the ticket office watches them through his port hole until they are out of sight, and then, being the only inhabitant of the wind and rain-swept pier, lights his pipe and blows such a cloud of tobacco that smoke creeps out in thin lines from crevices at the top of his closed up sentry-box, to be instantly dissipated by the blustering wind. I turn again to my landlady's library.

"Ben Hur" I pass, and the next is "Our Comic Annual for 1882." Illustrated, the comic annual, which is something in its favour, with one or two of its stories good enough to be read easily, but the rest of such a determined, aggressive, unrelenting humour that one can only skim them backwards and thus obtain a mere nodding acquaintance with Alderman Mogg-Turtle, his daughter Miss Throgmorton Mogg-Turtle, and that dashing young cavalry lieutenant whose surname—you will have guessed it—is Aldershot, to whom the Alderman says at the end, "Hi suppose hit's best to haccept your hoffer," and to whom at the beginning he remarks, "Hout of my 'ouse, you 'ound," never failing in his duty as a cockney father to misplace every aspirate that can be so treated, a habit requiring, I should say, a good deal of practice and an excellent stock of breath. Also, the annual contains "How I lost my mother-in-law" and "Bloggs's Birthday," and other stories, together with one piece of serious, concentrated tragedy (to emphasise, I suppose, the desperate humour of the rest), in which blood is spilt recklessly by a lady who seems to have developed a perfect hobby for stabbing people in the back, and who finally waves a fainting farewell to the world as she steps off Pont Neuf. I need scarcely say that the lady is a foreigner.

There are but two more, and the rain seems decided to come down all the evening. I am half afraid to take up either for fear of being disappointed, and yet the situation has to be faced. You, with the scarlet cover, you look important; let me try you first. A confession book, on my honour! A volume that will last me ten minutes, and then I shall have but the brown paper-covered book to rely upon. Meanwhile I read that Mary Jane Stevens is—or was—sixteen years of age, that her favourite authors are Shakespeare and Milton (which I cannot believe), that her favourite song is "Shine, shine, star," that her pet aversion is "Being called upon to resite," that her motto is "When the cat's away the mice will play." Also that Samuel Libbis is twenty-three, and his reply in regard to favourite authors is "Got none," his favourite trait in woman is "A good hart," his idea of perfect happiness "Strolling with one I love." May Samuel always stroll with the one he loves, never bothering his head about favourite authors, and happiness will be his.

Last of volumes, bring me joy! Let me take you up tenderly in order that if you be not an old friend you may change on the instant to——

"At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion——" The familiar pages succeed each other.

"It's clearing up, sir," says my landlady at the door presently, speaking as though her determined efforts had at length been successful. "In 'alf a hour or so I shouldn't wonder if the Parade don't swarm with people."

"Mrs. Danks," I reply, with "Ivanhoe" in my hand, "I am in good company, and I do not go out to-night."

SYMPOSIUM.

MR. NEIL MUNRO'S "JOHN SPLENDID."*

I.—By Andrew Lang.

To a crawling Saxon interested in things Celtic, Mr. Munro's "Lost Pibroch" seemed a delightful and valuable work, full of the poetry of "nature-folk." The "Lost Pibroch," however, was esoteric, and appealed to the few. In "John Splendid" Mr. Munro addresses the many, I trust with the success which he deserves. His plan is ambitious. Who can handle Montrose's wars, and Gillesbeg Gruamach, after the creator of Dugald Dalgetty? Mr. Munro may reply that he sees the affair as a Celt of the Campbell faction; our beloved Rittmeister looked with the eyes of a Lowlander. The answer is valid, we now behold these old frays and forays from both sides. Mr. Munro is a Celt, following two Border Scots into the hills. His theme is Sir Walter's, his manner is Mr. Stevenson's. These wanderings in the heather inevitably recall the pilgrimages of David Balfour. The style, too, is (I think) reminiscent of Mr. Stevenson's, though in no servile fashion. It is an excellent style, though, of course, Elrigmore could never have written it. This reflective, elaborate, copiously descriptive, deftly psychological manner is as modern as the telephone. That is of no importance; there is but one "Esmond," and even "Esmond" is modern.

As to the story, Mr. Munro rightly says, "it is a picture of times and manners," a charming picture of these, as of landscape. I cannot say that the story, as a story, the plot, as a plot, the love affair, as a love affair, very much absorb me. The heroine is a heroine *de convenance*, not a Catriona, still less a Barbara Grant. Of the plot, there is hardly enough to keep the matter alive. There are *longueurs*, and I do hold that the psychology of the timid Marquis is overdone. Conceive Argyle saying to two soldiers of fortune, "dubiety plays on me like a flute!" Argyle had not read Mr. Stevenson. But these things are not essential, though of these things there is too much. Essential is Mr. Munro's reading of Celtic character, "the soft tongue and the dour heart; the good man at most things but your word.' Far be it from me, thinking of Lochiel, Keppoch, Glenaladale, and Young Clanranald, to say that this *mot* of Argyle applies to all Highlanders. But it does apply to Mr. Munro's brave, gay, kind, vain, superstitious hero, John Splendid, an excellent creation. In brief, Mr. Munro makes the past live, with its men of the past, its clan hatreds (the Macdonalds and Stewarts must raise up their own advocate in fiction), its beliefs, freits, poetry, and intense love of the most delightful country in the world. Dame Dubh and the widow of Glencoe are worthy of the best artists in fiction, and the atmosphere of hill and salt loch, the scent of gale and heather, are what you may breathe. I am anxious to make a raid on the historical part of the narrative, but a novelist may have it as he will, and give to a Macdonald the credit due to a Graham: the military credit. But I refrain, merely thanking Mr. Munro for so many hours of enjoyment, so many pictures of such various men and scenes, and, especially, for the song of "The Sergeant of Pikes" (p. 164.) Andrew Lang.

II.—By Fiona Macleod.

I would like to say what I have to say about this book from the personal and Highland rather than the strictly critical standpoint—if, indeed, there be any vital criticism without the leaven of predilection.

Frankly, then, for me there is too much of the Campbell in Mr. Munro's book. It has ever been the way with Clan Diarmid to consider itself as the Gaelic section of the chosen people. I have never loved the clan, or its glib way either with its tongue or its sheath, nor does it in history, save in individual instances, touch those heroic levels overrun by the clans of northern and western Gaeldom. There is not a chapter in "John Splendid" wherein I have not found a nettle behind every obtrusion of the bog-myrtle, the badge of him and his. It's well to a Campbell to be a Campbell; but I take it that it is not every one from Sutherland Ord to the Rhinns of Islay who would rather doff the cap to MacCailein Mor than to any other chief. Even in the Gaelic southlands there are Macdougalls and McLeans, Camerons and Lamonts, Macclallans and Macfarlanes and Macgregors, who would be as slow to kiss the myrtle-spray of the Campbells as would any Macleod or Macdonald.

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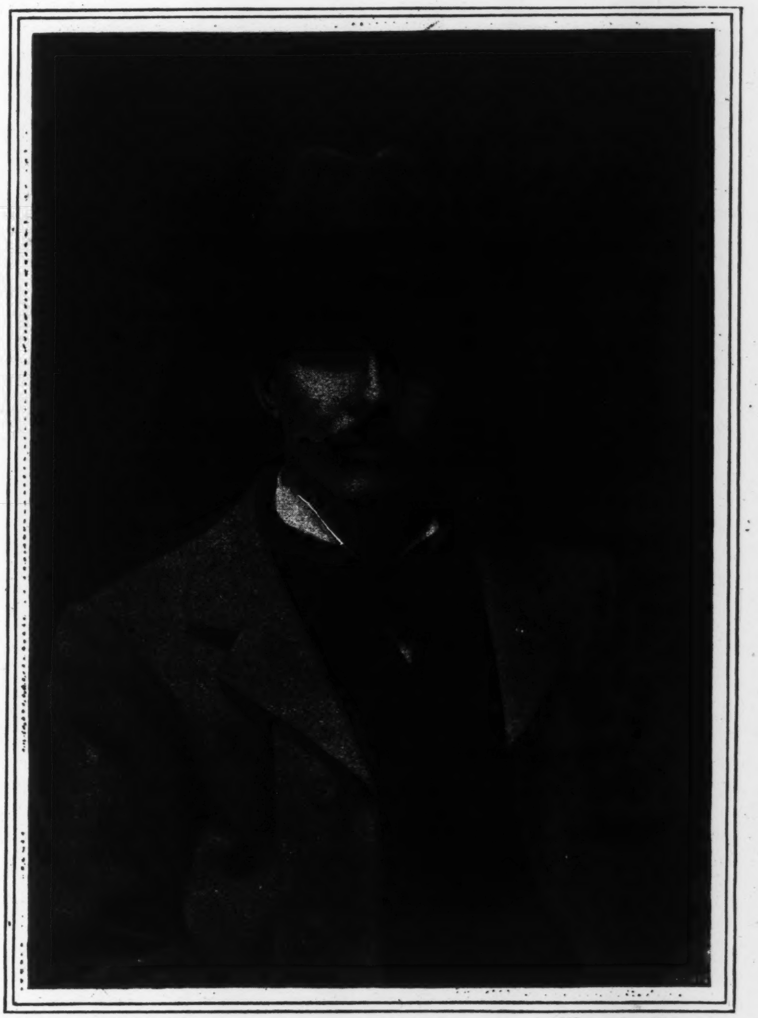
* "John Splendid." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)



From a new Photo by] MR. NEIL MUNRO. [*Warneuke, Glasgow.*

There will be few in the Highland north, I fancy, who can read this book without some such feeling. Clan Diarmid is summed up in Mr. Munro's tale; the book is over faithful, one would think, to be wholly pleasant reading betwixt Lochfyneside and green Lorn. Vain, resentful, at once brave in desperate straits and commonly mighty careful, boastful, with an eye upon other men's lands and goods, fair to speak but with treachery in the hollow of the left hand; that is how the Campbells of history have ever seemed to me and to many others of the north, and that is how, in a general impression, they are revealed in this book, from Gillesbeg Gruamach, Marquis of Argyll, to the commonalty of his followers, always excepting that brilliant cavalier of fortune, John Splendid (as the nominal hero, McIver of Barbreck, is commonly called, though the Gaelic name, Iain Aluinn, would rather mean Handsome John) and the actual chief personage, the teller of the tale, known by his territorial name, Elrigmore. There are many episodes of bravado and daring, but perhaps these are rather the fiery accidents of driven men than the swift valour of those born under the fighting star. This, however, is a sentiment that will be restricted to the north or to those of Highland blood. What is a more serious drawback, from the general Highland standpoint, is that in this romance there is not one prominent personage who has the nature to withstand all things and to win against all odds. Elrigmore himself, though the least winsome and in some ways the most exasperating of heroes of romance, has grit for much, though little real stomach for a fight, and yet it could never have been men such as he who would have carried the Stewart cause through the gates of fate, had that great issue been sealed against failure. There is but one man in the book who has the masterful virility of those who do first, and argue or ignore the point afterwards; and that is Master Alexander Gordon, the Lowland Covenanting minister, as hateful for his doctrines and teaching as admirable for his indomitable courage and unvanquishable zeal.

As for the ordinary reader, surely the common objection will be that Elrigmore, the real "hero," is too dull and heavy a person. My own feeling throughout the story he tells was from the first one of vague resentment against him. He begins by an unchivalrous deed, on the night of his advent, when wantonly he breaks an old woman's window; and slight, and excused, as this episode is, it seemed to me, then and afterwards, indicative. His meeting with his stricken father sends a chill to the heart. As a lover he is slow in understanding, and with little of the Campbell honey in his mouth; and if I had been pretty Betty Brown, the Provost's daughter, it is not staid Colin of Elrigmore who would have made my pulse leap, but laughing "Barbreck," who in the end rides slowly through the old Arches of Inveraora and out upon the white road that is the road for all broken or adventurous men.

But having said this much—though, indeed, there is much more in "John Splendid" for which I would like to take Mr. Munro to task—it is time that I wrote on the other side. This I can do with cordial pleasure. Take it all in all, "John Splendid" stands as the truest and finest Highland romance written since Scott. I do not compare it with the simpler, more moving, more convincing, and far more unforgettable masterpiece of Robert Louis Stevenson; though I may add frankly I would rather any day read the Highland chapters of "Kidnapped" than even the finest pages in "John Splendid." But as a Highland romance, written by a Highlander, from the Highland standpoint, it seems to me hardly less remarkable an achievement than it is interesting, often fascinating, sometimes wholly delightful as a moving tale.

Mr. Neil Munro has matured as a writer since he gave us "The Lost Pibroch." The obvious fault of that otherwise delightful book was an altogether exaggerated use of Gaelic idiom — with minor faults of diction and statement conspicuous enough to a Highlander, or to Highlanders of the Isles and the West, though, it is only fair to add, there is no universally accepted authority on Gaelic spelling, idiom, and even grammar; Argyll differing from Inverness, and Islay from the Lewis, almost as much as the Iona-Gaelic or the Irish-Gaelic of Barra and Uist from either. In "John Splendid," also, Mr. Munro's style is still much too conscious, and I confess to an occasional weariness of it; but that he will reach to a freer and suppler handling I am confident, and that he has all the makings of a writer of genuine distinction I believe. But henceforth and for ever let him avoid, under any archaical pretence, such bastardy as this: "[if I set down here what was said] it must not be in homologation on my part of such latitudinarianism." What was best in his first book is best in his second: his intimate familiarity with all the aspects of sea-loch and hill-side, and his faculty for vivid, novel, and convincing description. Here, as before, there is a tendency to "enamelling," and sometimes in the too free yielding to a native instinct he demonstrates the peril of an acquired habit. But I know nothing finer or truer than innumerable depictive passages from his pen—a delight to read, a delight to realise, a delight to recall. Let the reader turn to the masterly description of the sudden oncome of winter, at the opening of Chapter viii.; the breaking of the ice, at pp. 87-90; the coming of dawn, at p. 132; of a grey day on the Moor of Rannoch in Chapter xxviii.—but no, let him rather come upon these and a hundred others as one comes suddenly, out of a barren pass, upon leagues of windy sunlit heather, or upon moonlit tracts foam-flecked with canna and fragrant with loneroid and bracken.

I put down "John Splendid" with some regrets and many reserves, but with the conviction that we have a new romancist of power and promise. FIONA MACLEOD.

III.—BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Mr Munro, and not Mr. Crockett, is the Elisha on whom the mantle of Elijah Stevenson has fallen. In saying so I mean no disrespect whatever to Mr. Crockett, and not too extravagant respect for Stevenson. Not being an ultra-Stevensonian, and holding that a frayed sleeve belonging to the busy and slovenly man of affairs who wrote "The Antiquary" is worth the whole velvet coat of the invalid-student that wrote "Kidnapped" for boys, who knew buccaneers but was ignorant of men, who did not know women at all, and who, according to Mr. Charles Whibley, "wrote English as a foreign tongue which he had acquired after painful effort," I am glad to see that Mr. Crockett is emancipating himself from the fetters of hero-worship, and in his latest work, which seems his ripest, is simply himself. The author of "Cleg Kelly" and "A Woman of Fortune" is more of a novelist than of a romancist, and if he were to get rid of certain exuberances of style, and to linger a little less than he is in the habit of doing in the "hinterlands" of vernacular conversation, he would make a vigorous yet admirable realist. Even in romance his mission is that not of a second-rate Stevenson, but of a superior — a very superior —James Grant. Mr. Munro, on the other hand, is the heir of Stevenson, and in point of blood, not to speak of breeding, has a better claim to the heritage of Highland romance. Stevenson's love of nature, of open-air life, of the purple heather and bleak rocks of Highland scenery, tragedy, and brigandage, is genuine, and as intense as it is genuine. But at the best Stevenson is a Sassenach—for the Edinburgh middle-class man is the most unmitigated Sassenach in the United Kingdom—and his Highlands are the Highlands of a very accomplished and enthusiastic student of history. One is told on all hands that Alan Breck Stuart is the best Celt that was ever created. Possibly so; but would he be as popular as he is but for "tarry pirate" element in him which is not Highland at all, but pure Stevenson? Mr. Munro, on the contrary, is born to the manner—and still more to the manor—of the West Highlands. In "John Splendid" he walks the streets of Inveraray as if he were his own Elrigmore, and when Montrose has raided it, jogs on surefootedly over moor and through heather listening to the "Gude Gospel" sermons of Gordon and the sagacious braggadocio of McIver. In no romance that was ever written before is there so much of the colour and the air of the Highlands, and still more of the water, as there is in "John Splendid"; indeed, there is such an amount of a certain "smirr of rain" in the book, that the best method of enjoying it is to put on a waterproof and read it during a heat wave in an umbrella tent. As a story, indeed, "John Splendid" is exasperatingly lacking in "go"; every tenth page you wish for a Napoleon or a Kitchener to put a little energy into the marching and the counter-marching. The love "business" is not strong. It is not easy to get enamoured of the Provost of Inveraray's daughter. She is born to haunt not the heather, but the saloon of the *Columba;* the "randiest" of Mr. Crockett's byre-lasses is more attractive. Mr. Munro is a careful and not too pretentious stylist. Although some of his purple patches savour too much of loose-jointed special correspondence, and although he sometimes dallies on the moor in the spirit not of the romancist, but of the lyrist, the writing in "John Splendid" is a great advance upon that of "The Lost Pibroch" in point at once of grip and of ease. Some of the by-play, such as that in which Montrose's kindliness saves his life, is exquisite. Then the leading characters in the book — happily there are not too many of them—are one and all admirably drawn. Young Elrigmore, in spite of his smattering of what Mr. Munro too persistently calls "the humanities," is a good specimen not of the walking gentleman—except when he is engaged in limp love-making—but of the stalking clansman. The Argyll of Mr. Munro is not the Argyll of history—not, at least, the Argyll who held out in Inveraray Castle against Cromwell after Worcester. But as Gillesbeg Gruamach, as the Highland feudal superior in closest touch with clansmen, servants, and Inveraray citizens, he is a unique and perfect study. Finally, although John Splendid, the soldier of fortune and of Argyll, a compound of Dugald Dalgetty and Alan Breck, is disappointing as a man; although one cannot help wishing he had taken a page out of Dalgetty's book, and when he had a chance, shaken the bookworm cowardice out of his master, he is a genuine Campbell. I am too much of a Lowlander to guess whether or not "John Splendid" will have a great vogue, and it is too soon to make any confident prediction as to the future of its author. Yet there is no doubt whatever that he has the making of a great literary artist, and that he has already created genuine and genuinely romantic figures that have no superiors in fiction. WILLIAM WALLACE.

IV.—BY WILLIAM SHARP.

Of all the ways of romance, that is best which deals in the simplest and most direct manner with stirring events and momentous issues. It is the way of Defoe, of Scott, of Dumas, and, in our own day, of the author of "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," and "Weir of Hermiston." But colloqualism, archaic or modern, is not necessarily the simple and direct way, which is a matter of the shaping mind far more than of literary discretion. If we turn to "Captain Singleton" or "Kidnapped," or to any of their kind, we find a simple colloquial speech, but at the same time perceive how this is the very triumph of art, which is to transmute the matter of fiction into the substance of reality. It is in this direction that, in my judgment, Mr. Neil Munro falls short. His style is laboured throughout, for all that it bristles with obsolete epithets and discarded phrasings that in the period of his romance (about 1644) were a natural and living part of the common speech. His continual effort after surprise, after the unwonted turn, the novel note, acts as a drag upon his brilliant and picturesque tale. This is as noticeable, is indeed more noticeable, in those descriptive passages (fine, and often of rare excellence, as these are) where it is really Mr. Neil Munro and not the Laird of Elrigmore who writes, as in those pages which set forth the sayings and doings of John Splendid and his friends.

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, Mr. Munro does not present the Highland people in a favourable light. If we accept, as trustworthy accounts, books such as "John Splendid," Mr. McLennan's "Spanish John," and others of the kind, we must arrive at the conclusion not only that the collapse of "the Highlands" in any sustained undertaking was inevitable, but that it is just as well the Hanoverian musket came to replace the dirk and claymore.

It is, of course, as a romance pure and simple that we must look at "John Splendid." Its predecessor, "The Lost Pibroch," was a book of altogether exceptional promise, and many of its readers must have anticipated a masterly historical romance from the man who could deal so ably with dramatic episodes, who was so intimate with the life and circumstances and natural environment of the people with whom he concerned himself, and who wrote in a style at once virile, picturesque, and original. I have read "John Splendid" with constant pleasure and interest, and though because of its continual straining after effect I cannot account it a masterly work, I do look upon it as a valuable addition to Scottish fiction. But as an historical romance it disappoints me. Mr. Munro had splendid material to hand. Out of the famous Marquis of Argyle, Gillesbeg Gruamach or Archibald Grim-face, as he was nicknamed, might have been wrought one of the great figures of art. All Argyle's indecision, evasiveness, mental cowardice, and occasional personal poltroonery are depicted, but we are left with little or no indication of that subtle, scheming mind, that calculating, wide-seeing genius which made him the foremost man in Scotland in his turbulent day. No historical romance can be a success where the central historical figure is a failure, and a failure Mr. Munro has made of "the great Marquis," who neither in words, actions, nor leadership shows himself "king of the Highlands," but only as an incompetent chief, at times as a man unworthy, and more than once as a poltroon. His cowardice, indeed, has contagion in it, at least in Mr. Munro's story, for all the endless succession of brave shows of brawl and battle. In single episodes Mr. Munro is often masterly; it is in his weaving of episodes into an epical whole that he fails. The actuality which characterised most of his personages in the short stories of "The Lost Pibroch" is not so conspicuous in "John Splendid." And one of the two "heroes"—for the narrator, Colin (his surname is never mentioned, but presumably he is a Munro!) of Elrigmore, more than shares with John Splendid the leading part—has the fatal disadvantage of constantly recalling an elder brother in art, the ruder, more heroical, perhaps less winsome, but more absolute Alan Breck Stewart.

It is difficult to believe that a book written in this archaic Highland-Scots style can have a wide appeal. If so, so much the better. It is genuine and fine work, done with spirit, verve, and determination. No one, surely, will read it without admiration of many pages, delight in many chapters, and interest in all. It is one of the ablest Highland romances I have read; that it is not a great historical romance is another thing. This, I feel sure, Mr. Munro will yet achieve.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The gentleman who acted throughout the Nile Campaign for the *Central News*, is Mr. L. Oppenheim. He is the son of one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily News*, and his previous experience in campaigning was confined to the Afridi affair, when he sent some very graphic letters to the *Daily News*. He is of an adventurous turn of mind, and has had a great deal of experience in hunting and shooting big game. He acquitted himself admirably in the Soudan for the *Central News*.

Mr. J. P. Brodhurst has retired from the editorship of the *St. James's Budget*, a post which he has held for more than nine years. He intends in future to devote himself entirely to the interests of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Brodhurst is succeeded in the editorship of the *Budget* by Mr. Barley, a gentleman of considerable experience in journalistic work.

The connection which existed for a great many years between Mr. T. J. Bulling and the *Central News* has been severed. Mr. Bulling is a special reporter who is better known at all the Government offices and at Scotland Yard than, perhaps, any other pressman in London. His experiences in connection with the discovery of great crimes and the capture of great criminals would make exceedingly interesting reading.

The *Football Echo*, a Saturday evening sporting paper, commenced publication at Northampton last month. It is issued by the proprietor of the *Northampton Mercury*.

A halfpenny evening paper will probably be started at Peterborough this winter.

An important change has taken place in the editorial staff of the *Oswestry and Border Counties Advertiser*. Mr. Ed. Woodall, who has been editor for several years, will in future be assisted by Mr. C. P. Gasquoine, who has lately been in charge of their Shrewsbury office. Mr. C. S. Woollam takes Mr. Gasquoine's position at Shrewsbury. Mr. Woodall is a friend of "Toby, M.P.," this well-known parliamentary writer having started life on the staff of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

Mr. F. R. Huxtable, of the *Exeter Gazette*, and Mr. J. A. Birch, of the *Bury Times*, have joined the staff of the *Rochdale Observer*. They fill the vacancies caused by the removal of Mr. G. E. Leach to the *Bradford Observer*, and the appointment of Mr. E. E. Carter on the organising staff of the Northern Counties Education League.

Mr. McArthur, late of the *Surrey Mirror*, has been appointed editor of the *Cambridge Daily News* in succession to Mr. John Smart, who is to have charge of the new paper, the *Cambridge Gazette*.

In its 7.30 edition on Saturday evenings the *Birmingham Daily Mail* has appeared as a six-page paper since the commencement of the football season. In addition to full accounts of the day's matches, signed articles by experts in football, cycling and other sports, with special articles on local and social topics, are given.

The many journalists in all parts of the kingdom who have graduated in Birmingham will learn with regret of the death of Mr. J. A. Baker, of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. For forty-four years, Mr. Baker had occupied the position of principal overseer, and in the discharge of his responsible duties, had enjoyed the confidence and respect alike of the profession and of the companionship of which he was the head. Mr. Baker was in active work until a few weeks ago. Mr. Johnson, the colleague of Mr. Baker in the overseership, whose health broke down some months ago, has returned to Birmingham. Having been forbidden night-work, he has not been able to resume his position in the composing-room, but a place has been found for him in the commercial department.

Mr. Tim Wicks, chief reporter of the *Cambridge Express*, has been appointed sub-editor of the *Cambridge Daily News*. Mr. E. Tattersall Hawkes, of the *Surrey Mirror*, has succeeded him on the *Express*.

Mr. H. G. Hibbert, for many years special commissioner of the *Era*, and author of "Players of the Period," has become editor of the *Music Hall*.

Mr. William Roe, of the *Pontefract Telegraph*, has been appointed to a post on the sub-editorial staff of the *Hull Daily Mail* and *Hull Times*.

Mr. E. Neville Smith, of Liverpool, formerly of the *Bradford Observer* sub-editorial staff, and at present sub-editor of the *Leeds Express*, has been appointed assistant editor of the *Manchester City News*.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. D. M. Watt, who has been editor and manager of the *Fraserburgh Herald* for some twelve years, has been appointed manager of the Ross-shire Printing Company, and editor of the *Ross-shire Journal*.

The death occurred on 14th inst. of Mr. Alexander D. Lindsay, who for about five years was sub-editor in the London office of the *Dundee Advertiser*. Mr. Lindsay, who was a native of Forfar (where he died), was cut off at the early age of twenty-seven. To Scotsmen in the metropolis he was well known, and he was highly respected by his professional brethren.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, junior, of the *Dundee Advertiser* reporting staff, has been appointed to the post of sub-editor in the London office of that paper.

Mr. F. Shivas, of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, has received an appointment on the staff of the *Dundee Courier*.

The *Scots Pictorial* has been floated into a limited company, and its price has been raised from 3d. to 6d. Mr. J. A. W. Oliver continues to act as its editor, with the assistance of Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden. The capital of the company is £10,000, and a well-known Glasgow shipowner is the principal owner of shares.

The death has taken place of Mr. D. W. Gallacher, of Kilmarnock, a well-known writer to the *Glasgow Evening News* and the *Kilmarnock Standard* on athletic matters.

WALES.

Mr. J. Allan Williams, editor and proprietor of the *Llanelly Guardian*, has been placed upon the Commission of the Peace.

IRELAND.

Mr. G. G. Comerford, who has been acting as Limerick correspondent of the *Freeman*, returns to the Dublin staff. His colleagues in Limerick gave him a present and a cordial send-off.

The type-setting of the Cork dailies is now done by Linotype machines, six of which have been recently erected in the office of the *Cork Constitution*. It is noteworthy that they are worked by an electric motor.

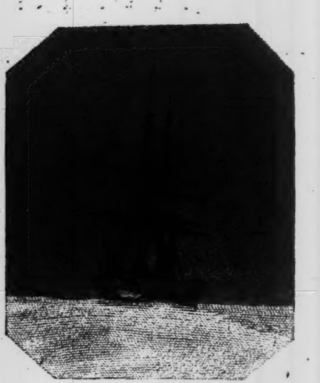
The *Belfast Evening Telegraph* has recently undergone very extensive alterations, a large wing having been added to the buildings, which are now amongst the best equipped in the three kingdoms. To celebrate the opening of the new premises the staff have presented Mr. R. H. H. Baird, J.P., the managing proprietor, with a waggonette, as a token of the esteem in which he is deservedly held by those employed on the *Evening Telegraph* and the other newspapers published in connection with it.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. S. Norris has left the *Manx Sun*, to act as representative for the Isle of Man of the *Liverpool Mercury*. Mr. J. Robinson has left the *Examiner*, and now acts as correspondent to English newspapers. Mr. Rothwell is Manx correspondent to the *Liverpool Courier*.

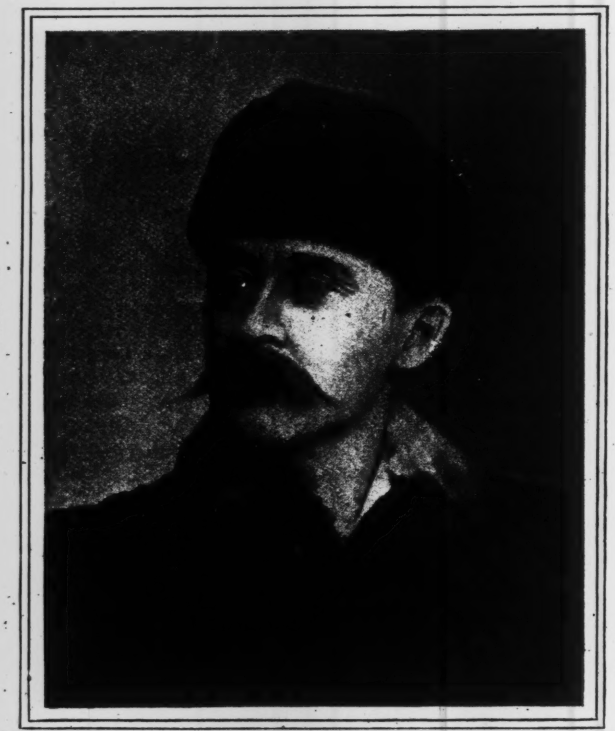
NEW BOOKS.

NORTHWARD.



"Geographically and topographically, Greenland has been, since the day its black cliffs loomed through the Arctic fog upon the eyes of Erik, a land of mystery, and a source of constantly increasing interest and speculation." So says Lieutenant Peary in the introduction to his great book—his one book—the comprehensive record of all his Arctic work. Nine centuries lie between Erik, the Iceland outlaw, and R. E. Peary, the civil engineer of the United States Navy, and that long stretch of years bears the record of many an attempt to penetrate the mystery of the land so quaintly misnamed "Green." Kane, Greely, Melville, and others have done their part, but it is within the last decade and by the daring and enthusiasm of Lieutenant Peary, that the "increasing interest" has been most keenly stimulated and most fully gratified. The history of the various Peary Expeditions is already, to a certain extent, familiar to most of us, through newspaper reports, Geographical Society papers, and so forth. But these fugitive and partial accounts have only served to pave the way for this authoritative and complete record in the explorer's own graphic and picturesque words.

It was when rummaging among a shelf of old books that the idea of Arctic exploration seized the young engineer. "One evening," he says, "in one of my favourite haunts, an old bookstore in Washington, I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord, which, as a boy, had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane's wonderful book, was touched again. . . . I felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior." The summer voyage of 1886 and the reconnaissance of the Inland Ice, the account of which forms the first part of the book, was the outcome.



ROBERT E. PEARY.

Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Northward Over the Great Ice."

During 1891-2 (Nansen having in the meantime crossed Southern Greenland) the explorer remained for thirteen months in the northern part of the island—for such it was found to be. The famous discovery of the "Saviksue," or Cape York Meteorites, was made during the North Greenland Expedition of 1893-5. Other and shorter voyages have since been made, the last of which ended on 20th September of last year.

MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY.

Born September 12th, 1893, at Anniversary Lodge, 77° 40' N. Lat.

Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Northward Over the Great Ice."

All these various expeditions are now described in detail in these two handsome volumes. Lieutenant Peary expresses a frank and, we readily grant, a just satisfaction in his own work. He has spared neither labour nor money in the pursuit of his ends, and science owes him much. The ordinary reading public also owes him a great deal, for he has provided it with an intensely interesting book. He has an admirable faculty of description, writes easily, pleasantly, and gracefully, and has a knack of making even technicalities readable.

It is difficult to say where the greatest interest lies. The meteorologist, the ethnographer, the geographer, as well as the mere desultory reader, will each find something to his mind. It is a book which can be dipped into anywhere with a tolerable certainty of lighting upon something worth reading. One of the pleasantest things about it is Lieutenant Peary's own enthusiasm for the country and the people. Speaking of the Eskimos of Smith's Sound—a most extraordinary race, sufficient by themselves to make an interesting book—he calls them "my uncontaminated, pure-blooded, vigorous, faithful little tribe," adding, with the utmost emphasis, "God grant no civilisation to curse them."

Of the illustrations it is impossible to speak too highly. There are about eight hundred of them—all excellent. The difficulty of securing some of the photographs must have been great, but they form not the least valuable portion of the work. There are pictures of Greenlanders in every species of Eskimo attire, of the explorers in every conceivable situation, of landscapes, of animals, of implements. One of the photographs here reproduced deserves a word of explanation to itself. It is that of the "little nine-pound stranger" whom whole families travelled from far north and south to see and to touch in order to satisfy themselves that she was "really a creature of warm flesh and blood, and not of snow, as they at first believed." She was born, says her father, "at the close of the Arctic summer day, deep in the heart of the White North, far beyond the farthest limits of civilised people or habitations. . . . She was bundled deep in soft, warm Arctic furs, and wrapped in the Stars and Stripes."

THE REAL BISMARCK.*

In reading these astonishing volumes there is nothing that so confounds one as the knowledge that Bismarck authorised and even urged their publication. "Once I am dead," he told his faithful Buschlein, "you can tell everything you like, absolutely, everything you know. . . . I have no secrets—absolutely none." In the career of the man of blood and iron there is much that is inexplicable, nothing more inexplicable than this extraordinary readiness to incriminate himself before the court of posterity.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the supreme interest of these volumes. They cast a lurid light upon the dark pages of the history of a nation, and upon the history of the man that made that nation what it is. In order to understand modern Germany they must be read and re-read. And the student of human nature cannot afford to pass them by. They will stand on his shelves beside Rousseau's "Confessions."

A TYPICAL CAMP.

Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Northward Over the Great Ice."

Dr. Busch is an exaggerated and a very German Boswell. His remarks and interpolations afford the only comic relief to be found in his diaries, for he is a self-conscious and self-important personage, and at times unintentionally amusing. His method is tedious, and he is not gifted with the slightest sense of proportion. His matter is badly arranged, often irrelevant, his style stolid and wooden; but he is a faithful chronicler. His untiring accuracy is his claim for a seat among the immortals. No one has thrown serious doubt on the correctness of his reports of Bismarck's conversations. Though he has given to the world a most important book, he himself is a man of no importance. He is no historian, yet the history of the last thirty years must be rewritten in the light of his diaries.

In the space at our disposal it would be useless to attempt even a bald summary of Dr. Busch's revelations. Let us rather try to picture the real Bismarck as he is revealed in these pages. The portrait is a forbidding one. It has been the custom in Germany to describe the Great Chancellor as a diplomatist who worked and willed and won in the open. Such an idea received a rude shock when Bismarck, in a fit of pique, told the true story of the famous telegram from Ems. Dr. Busch's diary shows him to have been a man of unheard of duplicity, of utterly unscrupulous cunning. He was ferocious and brutal in times of war and peace, forcing war upon France by the meanest of forgeries and denouncing with unmeasured contempt the officers who were so "sentimental" as to make prisoners. Through the agency of the reptile press, which Dr. Busch controlled for his master, he poured forth the most malignant and scurrilous attacks upon all who dared to stand in his way. One cannot read without a shudder of disgust the abusive articles directed against the Empress Augusta, the Crown Princess, and the Queen of England. It seems incredible that at a time when the world was watching in agony at the bedside of "Unser Fritz," Bismarck should be engaged in dictating and suggesting an attack on "that Englishwoman," the Empress Frederick. In his blood was not a drop of compassion or human kindness. He does not seem to have possessed the elements of political morality.

And yet—— Well, the world knows the reverse of the medal, knows what he did for his country, knows how he never once worked for personal gain, and in after years it will pass its verdict, "with extenuating circumstances." Bismarck the man bore no resemblance to Bismarck the diplomatist, and surely the diplomatist's terrible reward came to the man after his fall.

SPANISH LITERATURE.†

For the first time a survey of Spanish literature is presented to English readers by a writer of ample knowledge and keen discrimination. Mr. Kelly's work rises far beyond the level of the text-books. So good a critic does not merely comment on literature; he makes it himself. We still owe gratitude to the industrious Ticknor, our first guide to the world of Spanish letters; but Ticknor had the bluntness of judgment and the lack of all sense of proportion common to most early enthusiasts. Mr. Kelly's book is far more critical than Ticknor's, more selective, more independent. So independent, in fact, is it that established reputations are tested as fiercely as if they were mere *parvenus;* and now and again there is an unnecessary truculence in the onslaughts. "The school is decently interred," he says, "which mistook critics for Civil Service Commissioners, and Parnassus for Burlington House." So much for Ticknor and his peers. One must frequently feel a measure of sympathy with his indignation, though much zeal, not all of it useless, is spurned away in such words as, "There has come into being a tribe of ignorant fakirs, assuming the title of 'Cervantophils,' and seeking to convert a man of genius into a common Mumbo-Jumbo." Generally we are not concerned to defend, nor to repudiate, but only to enjoy the vigour of his expression. Let him call Sordello "a mere bilk and blackmailer with the gift of song," if he will. His own words descriptive of Alas as a critic are applicable to himself—"he is righteously, splendidly intolerant of a pretender, a mountebank, or a dullard." Mr. Kelly may not be the man to write the model school text-book, but he can make Spanish literature a living interest to his readers.

Of course, his treatment of Cervantes is very different from that meted out by Mr. H. E. Watts, who, if he is not responsible for "the grotesque travestry of Cervantes as a plaster saint," has thrown a misty veil over the shabby, shifty life of the great author of "Don Quixote." Mr. Kelly seems veritably to gloat over the weaknesses and the failures of the man whose incomparable genius he yet regards with boundless admiration; but remember he is engaged in demolishing the "plaster-saint"; when that has crumbled he will write more calmly. Mr. Watts's ingenious theory about the systematic malevolence of Lope de Vega towards Cervantes he treats with contempt—though he paints no ideal portrait of Lope—and, indeed, the evidence seems shakier each time it is dispassionately examined. But an elaborate mistake and a little more hero-worship than is agreeable to Mr. Kelly's more critical mind, do not nullify the work of a good scholar, to whom lovers of "Don Quixote" owe much. That he has translated it "in a spirit of enthusiasm" is hardly enough acknowledgment; besides, the meagre words suggest a sneer.

The book before us is too individual to escape criticism. But there is little beyond the occasional swashbuckler tone to find serious fault with. The only regrettable omission seems to me to be a definite and continuous account of the rise and development of the picaresque novel. Its positive merits as a book of well-considered information are many. It dissipates much of the Moorish romance; it does full justice to the influence of Spanish Jews; and makes admirably clear the interchange

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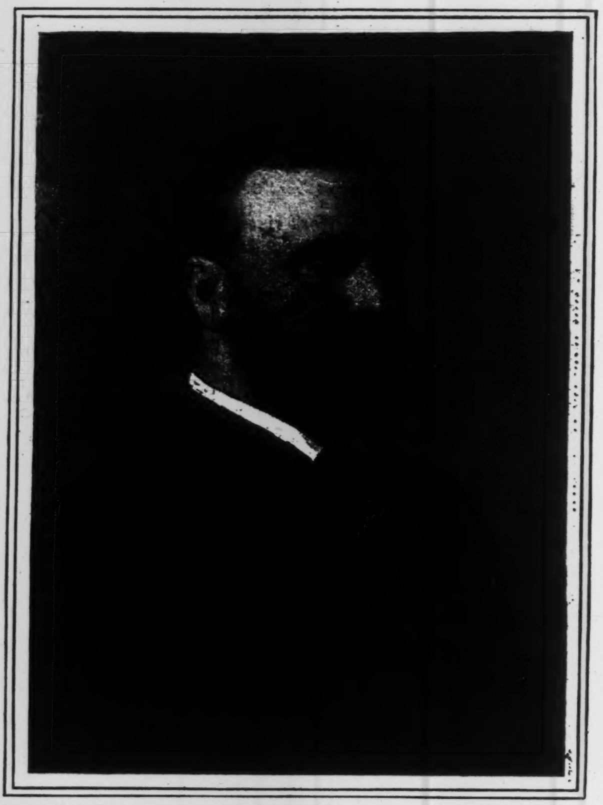
* "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages from his History, being a diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch during twenty years' official and private intercourse with the great Chancellor." 3 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

† "A History of Spanish Literature." By James Fit urice Kelly. 6s. (Heinemann.)

of benefits between France and Spain in the formative stages of their literatures. The worst chapter in such books is generally that devoted to present-day letters; but Mr. Kelly here maintains his vigour, his independence, and his sense of discrimination. Lately we have received translations of modern Spanish fiction and dramas, and we have treated them with indifference, or praised them as if they must be first rate because they were notable enough to be turned into our tongue. Several of them have been fifth-rate at the best. Mr. Kelly will be found a guide with a severe standard, yet with catholic sympathies. Of the fineness of his taste, his judgment of Echegaray is proof enough for me. That dramatist has been honoured by translations of at least three of his plays into English; and these were received with a solemn respectfulness which would befit a welcome to a genius of the first rank. But Mr. Kelly has put him in his place, which is not a literary place at all. "His plays are commonly well constructed, as one might expect from a mathematician applying his science to the scene, and he has a certain power of gloomy realisation, as in 'El Gran Galeoto,' which moves and impresses; yet he has created no character, he delights in cheap effects, and when he betakes himself to verse, is prone to a banality which is almost vulgar." But Galdos and Valera need to be better known among us; to Pereda and Alas we want an introduction; and Mr. Kelly's essay on contemporary literature should be an incitement and a useful guide to translators and publishers.
A. M.



From Photo by] MR. J. FITZMAURICE KELLY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

R. L. S.*

This little book is sure to get a welcome. We read all that is written about Stevenson with eagerness, ever hoping for fresh light on a delightful personality; we bear with repetitions for the charm of their subject. It was inevitable that a monograph on him should appear among the "Famous Scots," and while waiting Mr. Colvin's final biography, there is no reason why we should not hear the tale of his life and work from whosoever has watched both closely. The present biographer saw him frequently between 1869 and 1880, and was an intimate friend of his family. From the beginning of her acquaintance with him, before he was yet famous, he was a sympathetic and interesting personage to her. It is not in the least surprising that the new narrative matter is scanty. So many personal recollections have appeared that if there is anything important left to glean it would be only fair if it were reserved for Mr. Colvin. But among various trifling, not therefore unwelcome, new glimpses, we find one more amusing instance of Stevenson's consistent ill-luck that always, in his younger days, placed him and the authorities in opposition. "The Inland Voyage" does not record the first attempt on his liberty by the minions of the law. While he was watching a snowball fight, between the Edinburgh students and the town lads, from a ledge above the college quadrangle, the police rushed in, and made as many prisoners as they could. Stevenson was, of course, a most eager spectator, and in his excitement he craned his neck so much that he slipped from his perch and was at once captured. It needed all the stray coins and the watches of his friends assembled at the police-station to bail him out of the cells.

To his lovable nature, to the graces of his character and mind, full justice is done. But the real Stevenson does not appear. His edges are smoothened. Of the pungent flavour, of the elfishness, of the infinite variety of his moods, which made it almost impossible to distinguish his native self from the reflections caught by his sympathetic mind, of all the contradictoriness, the richness that Mr. Henley hints at in his well-known lines, of all that marked him not only as an amiable man, but as an individual, rare, and even bizarre soul, and a genius, there is no suggestion. Miss Black dislikes "The Ebb-Tide" very much—here alone she ventures adverse criticism. So she ignores the writer of "The Ebb-Tide"; prefers only to contemplate him who made "Will o' the Mill."

Of criticism in any serious sense there is none, though of one side of Stevenson's literary powers Miss Black is most intelligently appreciative. But whether from the fear of offending, or modesty, or some other reason, there is no real distinction made between his great work and his trifling. "The Wrong Box" is characterised, inaptly, but perhaps prudently, as "quaint." There is too much of this kind of thing, "The tale ['The Master of Ballantrae'] is one of unrelieved horror, but it is a masterpiece nevertheless, and it has had a large sale." Even without presuming to give final and profound judgments of Stevenson as a literary artist, it would have interested all readers to know how far he made use of historical material and documents in his romances. The trial reports on which "Kidnapped" is founded, are not difficult to get at; and some indication of how much his imagination worked on the facts and the personages would have been useful and illuminating.

Miss Black has, in fact, emphasised whatever in Stevenson appealed specially to her—his grace, his unselfishness, his feminine delicacy; and we would not have a word of this omitted. There was, however, another Stevenson, not less delightful, without whom no one would now take the trouble to write books with his name at the top of them. We need not be ungrateful for an incomplete memoir so affectionately respectful as this, though we may hold that honour will best be done to a mind so fastidious as his by the critic whose love of him and of good letters has cast out all fear of just judgment.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

Clara Tschudi, a Norwegian writer of Swiss descent, is becoming known for her historical work beyond the limits of her own country and language. Her Life of the Empress Eugénie was well received. But lives of living celebrities must be either inadequate or impertinent, and in Marie Antoinette she has found more scope for her powers. Both works have already been translated into French and Italian. The present English version seems carefully done. But the principles of composition adopted are most singular. Sometimes we find long consecutive paragraphs, but most of the book, especially the narrative parts, is written in self-contained, independent sentences, without particles to connect them. This gives the story a strangely disjointed effect. And what is very odd, these sentences are arranged as separate paragraphs. When they are short, they look just like an exercise book, or even suggest poetical form. Take the top of page 278:

> "One day Louis determined to ascertain if he were really a prisoner.
>
> He opened a door and stepped out.

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* "Robert Louis Stevenson." By Margaret Moyes Black. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

* "Marie Antoinette." By Clara Tschudi. Authorised translation from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. 7s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

The sentinel levelled his musket.
'Do you know me?' asked the King.
'Yes, sire!' replied the soldier.
The King was obliged to beat a retreat.
It is said that Lafayette even sent some sweeps," etc.

These short paragraphs are not used for emphasis or dramatic effect. Usually the sentence is quite commonplace. Whether this eccentric form be the caprice of the authoress or the translator, it is certainly most distracting. As frontispiece a coloured portrait is given, copied from the early portrait in the Jones collection.

In her somewhat disjointed way, the writer has given us most of the facts and anecdotes that can be collected about a woman who has roused so fervent a posthumous loyalty. Many of them are trivial—some of dubious authenticity. Nor does the authoress always seem sufficiently conscious of their relative value. By far the most interesting part of the book is the earlier chapters. But the story of the decline and fall, who has not shuddered at? Frankly we confess, that to wade again through these Sloughs of Despond is a penance to any mind which wishes to keep up its faith in Humanity and Freedom. Miss Tschudi rarely moralises. She does not attempt to give any new or philosophical presentment of her subject. Most will join her in unstinted admiration and reverence for the tragic victim, who, whatever her faults, will always remain one of the most appealing figures in all history. But to the philosopher she will rather suggest the problem, not very easy to solve, why these brilliant, high-spirited tragedy-queens, whom the world worships, have always proved the ruin of their universally despised husbands. Margaret was undoubtedly the evil genius of Henry VI. Marie Antoinette ruined such chances as poor Louis ever possessed. It was not her fault. Nor was it his. Alone he might have blundered and floundered and sleepily sunk into a constitutional king. But when the woman saw the man in difficulties, she must needs interfere. She was so patently superior to him in everything—but experience. Heavy as he was, he seems to have had a much truer insight into the situation than less excitable politicians, and left to himself, might have betrayed the precious Court traditions, and saved everything by compromise. He is despised; she is canonised. Perhaps from the highest moral standpoint this is just; but from a more practical one we may admit that the French populace were not so far wrong in their instinctive belief that Louis was a harmless "roi bonhomme," alienated from his people by Madame Veto.

Y. Y.

THE POETRY OF WILFRID BLUNT.*

Says Mr. Henley in the preface: "I also am a lover of life, and I also look on verse as the rarest and the finest medium for the expression of life the wit of man has yet devised; and it may be that I am strongly prepossessed in favour of the poetry presented in this volume for that, whatever its quality as accomplishment, it fairly triumphs as a living piece of life." It is possible that Mr. Henley did his part in making this selection, and wrote the preface, in protest against much superfluous minor verse of the day which is woven out of no experience of life of any kind, whether outer or inner. His blood is fired when, among the lesser poets, he finds one who has written not as an excuse for not living, but because he has stirring life to tell of. And, indeed, Mr. Blunt, the poet, has been splendidly served with material by Mr. Blunt, the man, who has in his time played a part in the world and society; who has been traveller, lonely wanderer, sportsman, country squire, political enthusiast, generous fighter in forlorn causes; and each of these vigorously; who has not wanted for experiences of the heart and spirit either, as his wayward, emotionally religious verse, his passionate lyrical dramas, most plainly manifest. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Henley's mood—which he hardly crystallises into a critical opinion—if I hesitate to join in his conjecture about the lasting fame of the "Love Sonnets of Proteus."

With all these varying experiences as incitement, Mr. Blunt has naturally been varied in his themes and his tones. He has written society tales in verse. "Griselda" is very prosaic as a whole, yet attractively sentimental, written in a rough and ready fashion, with here and there a passage of fine poetry. He has written spirited political poems, of which his present editors give no samples; vague religious pieces, apt to fall between the didactic and the rhapsodical; he has told in memorable lines the tale of lonely wanderings; he has written of love as a man who has loved often and with strength. In a sense Mr. Henley's words are true: "He writes verse as his mother-tongue." That is, he writes it with ease, without fear, without any niggling care. Evidently there is nothing very sacro-sanct about verse in his estimation. It is as meet for the narration of a common tale as for the revelation of the high emotion of a moment. Much of his work shows the very negation of the artist; and want of skill and want of will are joint causes.

From Photo by] [*Maull & Fox, 187, Piccadilly, W.*

MR. WILFRID BLUNT.

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet.
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse.'
If aught be worth the doing, I would do it;
And others, if they will, may tell the news.

. . . . .

In my hot youth I held it that a man
With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy,
Had better work to his hand in any plan
Of any folly, so the thing were done,
Than in the noblest dreaming of mere 'dreams.'"

The strongest thrill of his poetry is in the lines that tell of his doing, such lines as—

"I had gone a hunter through the world,
And set my tent in every land, and hurled
My spears at life."

He has done well not to be a stickler for rigid form and over-nicety of phrase, and though his frequent parodies of other men's lines—as that in his parliamentary sonnet, "Or even young Cassius blow his windy horn,"—are odious, yet his fine large freedom from sonnet-pedantry covers a multitude of minor sins. But when all is said about the worth of reality and genuine experience in poetry, the portions of the poetry before us that stick in our memory are just those where he has been most an artist, those passages where he is best fitted for comparison with the considerable poets, whether they have been experimenters in life like himself or not. Experience has been theirs, however begot; but the worth of that experience to us is in the measure of their mastery over their craft. And there are passages in Mr. Blunt's work where it is superfluous to tell any understanding soul that he is sincere or real, that he reflects actual things, that he is an interesting human being, an experimentalist in life. It is enough that he is a poet. Some of these passages are in very simple strain, like "The

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* "The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt." Selected and arranged by W. E. Henley and George Wyndham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

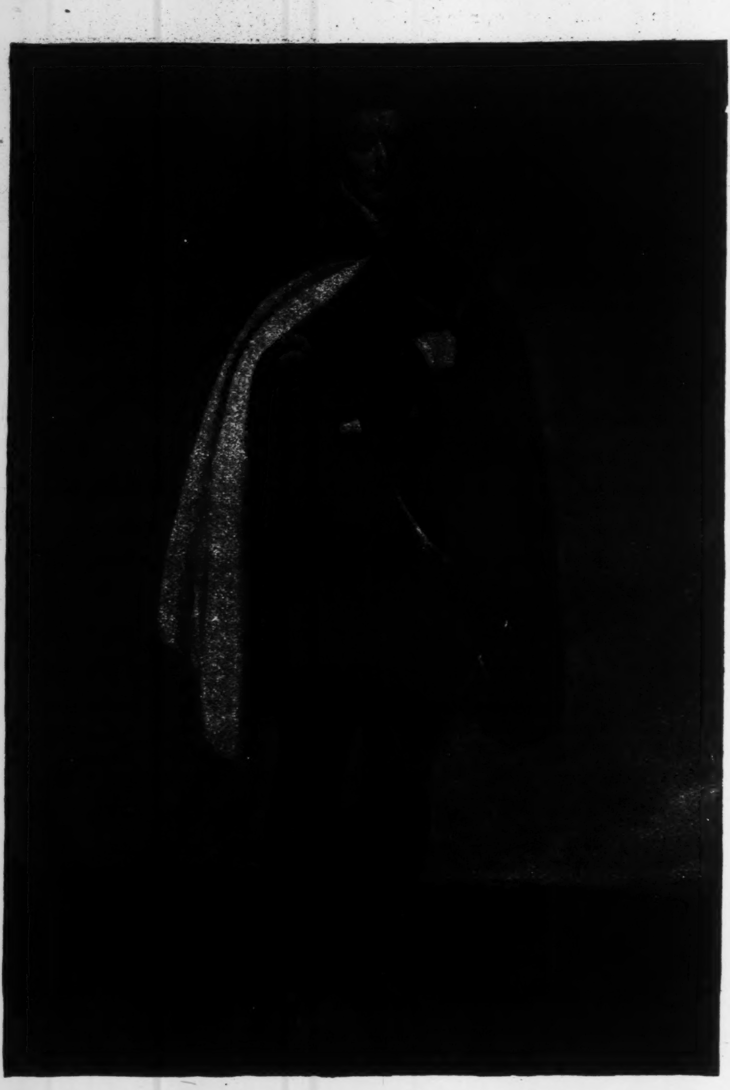
Old Squire"; some tell of the out-of-door world radiantly enjoyed, for instance, "I know a dell, knee deep in fern," in "Worth Forest." Some are of passionate temper, and some on a lofty plane. The fine love-song, "In the Night," is unforgetable. So is the sonnet, "In Praise of his Fate," with its grateful ending—

> "All these days
> I might have wandered far from love and thee,
> But kind Fate held me, heedless of my prayers,
> A prisoner to its wise, mysterious ways,
> And forced me to thy feet—ah, fortunate me!"

And so, too, is that to the Bedouin Arabs—

> "Too proud to dig; too careless to be poor;
> Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
> Nor rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
> Nor arguing with Him when He hides His face.'

The gay gallant, with something of a swashbuckler soul under his manners of the court, nursing a becoming melancholy but despising dreams, and rushing to wherever life and colour and movement do centre, is one shape under which you may shadow forth the muse of Mr. Blunt. But his verse will last in the measure that it has been possessed by the inner vision of life, which he must share with some whose general outlook was from garret windows, and whose most truculent foes were the bookseller and the dun. A. M.



WELLINGTON IN THE FIELD. AFTER A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Wellington and Waterloo."

"THE CRITIC IN THE STALLS."*

Madame de Novikoff must bear part of the blame if critics use some hard language about this book. Without her preface the English translation would have been let pass very gently, with hardly any attention at all. But she throws the thing in our faces with "There! you foolish Western Democrats. That is what the wise and great, those who know, think of you." To quote her own words, "Mr. Pobyedonostseff is the critic in the stalls. To him, as to all of us Russians, the parliamentary theatre of the Western world performs a long tragi-comedy, which occasionally ascends to tragedy, and sometimes sinks into farce." Her attitude is so self-complacent, so aggressive, that at least she wins attention for the reflections of the Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia—with whom, however, she is not in perfect accord. She scouts the idea that there are any persons in her country fools enough to cherish parliamentary ideals. He groans over the fact that such misguided people do exist.

A book which should at this moment set forth the Conservative standpoint in matters of Church and State and social discipline would be one of the most welcome gifts imaginable. It might be philosophic and fundamental; it might be sharply critical of practical results; it might be constructive—anything, if only it were able. It would let Conservatives and Democrats see where they stand, and on what kind of ground. We all know our Parliamentary institutions are being sorely tested, that our press is not above criticism, that many democratic panaceas are worthless and harmful.

Mr. Pobyedonostseff's ideal is simplicity in all things. Blessed word! But in his mouth it means only the negation of the difficulties of life, and the dark fear of thought and freedom of opinion. Most consistently, his book is absolutely guiltless of thought. The nearest approach to argument is this sort of thing: That which is founded on falsehood cannot be right. The sovereignty of the people is founded on false principles (it would be easy to demonstrate this by reasoning; he does it by incorrect statements). *Ergo*, the sovereignty of the people, theory and fact, is accursed. There is no evidence that he knows anything at first hand of Western institutions; but there are travesties of Western political scenes and events, which are probably more imaginary than malicious. There is not one suggestive criticism. There is not one word of practical guidance. Only, Be simple. That is, be united; don't differ; give in to authority. Authority knows best. Private opinion is presumption and conceit. The result of such advice in Russia, let Russia profit by and suffer for. The result here would be loathsome corruption. In spite of the pretentious chapter-headings, Church and State, Trial by Jury, The Press (about the Press he is specially bitter: "No morning passes without some writer, unknown to me, whom, perhaps, I should not care to know, obtruding upon me his views"), the book is only worth attention as an expression of strong feeling. If a Catholic tract designed for a catechism class were dropped in our midst, with the pretension of being a mighty engine for the conversion of England, it would have something of the effect of the work of the Procurator of the Holy Synod. True, he is on the track of an excellent idea when he insists on the danger of political or religious theory apart from life. But he only works it out far enough to find in any combination of theory and life which attacks or undermines the beautifully simple system of despotism, a very dangerous amount of theory. Were the book offered by a Western Rip Van Winkle, it would be pathetic and interesting—and meaningless. Offered as an apology for a Great Power that does in some measure act as this its representative speaks, it is not meaningless; but it has no message for us, who, if we go forward, or if we go backward in the democratic path, if we grow more mystic or more freethinking, must work out our salvation, or at least our destiny, by hard thinking, by endless experiment, and must keep the public conscience sane and pure by a high ideal of active private judgment. Life is not simple to us or easy; and even for holidays we want something more bracing than this old wives' lotus-garden.

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* "Reflections of a Russian Statesman." By K. P. Pobyedonostseff. Translated from the Russian by Robert Crozier Long. With a Preface by Olga Novikoff. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

A. M.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.*

"Immense pains have been taken," says Viscount Wolseley in his preface to Major Arthur Griffiths' book, "to illustrate the events described in these pages and to give us good portraits of those who took part in them." The result is a truly magnificent pictorial record of the life of Wellington, as soldier and politician. Major Griffiths has written the history of his hero and his hero's times in an altogether admirable manner, interesting alike to the general reader and student, and his narrative is a worthy commentary on the illustrations. Of these there are over four hundred and fifty, all produced in the best possible style, a style which for years has been confined to American publications. Most of the illustrations are too large for reproduction in our pages, but by the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to give one or two of the less important pictures as samples of what is to be found in what will undoubtedly be one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

THE LION MOUND, WATERLOO.
Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Wellington and Waterloo."

MR. GISSING'S NEW STORY.†

"Her merry little laugh echoed in Gammon's ears all the way home, and for hours after. And when, as he rose next morning, he looked out on to the strips of back-yard and the towering tenements, they had lost all their ugliness." These words, almost the last of the book, describe Mr. Gissing's present case. This is a London story, dealing with vulgar people, who live in mean and sordid streets. We know with what rage and disgust the shabby, ugly ways of London poverty, and the condition just above poverty, have filled him. He has dinned into us, burnt into us his hate of them, his despair of the vulgarity, the narrowness of lower middle-class existence. And lo! one day he looks out on these things, and they have lost all their ugliness. Humour has surged up, and he judges them from the standpoint of a dweller amongst them, not from the level of a fastidious observer. Is it too much to infer that his recent study of Dickens, summarised in his excellent monograph, is in some degree responsible for the change of tone? "The Town Traveller" is no imitation; but the spirit of Dickens is in it, his delight in good nature, his understanding of the feelings, the mental workings, the refinements, and the points of honour of the people who have loud voices and strong but very elementary notions of a joke. Gammon is a creation. When many a subtler figure has faded from Mr. Gissing's canvas and out of our memories, Gammon will remain, generous, vulgar, rollicking, and capable. Greenacre, the gentlemanly adventurer, with the talent for forgetting shabby incidents in his past, is good; Polly Sparkes, the attractive vixen, is good; the drunken dotard, Lord Polperro, is drawn in only too life-like a fashion; but Gammon is easily first, and is indeed a memorable figure in comic fiction. If a recent notorious lawsuit furnished a suggestion for the plot, the hint has been handsomely developed, on lines that both tickle our sense of humour and satisfy our sense of probability.

HOUGOMONT TO-DAY.
Reproduced, by kind permission, from "Wellington and Waterloo."

But after all the most interesting thing about "The Town Traveller" is its evidence that Mr. Gissing can heartily laugh where once he would have bitterly loathed. His high spirits may be momentary, but the effect of his having rubbed shoulders with Gammon in a hail-fellow-well-met fashion can hardly be lost.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.*

Miss Braddon always shows herself capable in what she undertakes. We admire her most when she has a thick plot to weave and to unravel, but here, where she is not at her usual kind of work, her achievement is still high above the average. The young writer of adventure-stories to-day can lead off with a sprightly chapter, promising endless novelties and complications; but in nine cases out of ten he tires ere the end, and his hero reaches the last page a limp and feeble thing. Miss Braddon makes perhaps a mediocre start, but her spirits rise as she proceeds; she keeps all her personages well in hand, and arrives at her journey's end fresh and vigorous. The story is made out of the adventures of an imaginary son of Buckingham, the Buckingham of many a romance, him who was stabbed by Felton, and who lives for ever in the pages of Dumas and Scott. How the young George without a surname was adopted by a vagabond adventurer—alas, that the tale had not this same Mountain for its hero!—how he was pedagogue and courtier; how Mazarin was indebted to him, and how an elderly French belle tried to persuade him she was his mother; how at last he found his real mother and heard her strange, too strange, love-story, Miss Braddon tells with spirit and ability. She fails chiefly where greater romancers than she have failed, in her hero, a tame young person, for all the dangers he ran; and in the explanation of how Buckingham had won the heart and hand of the bishop's daughter—an improbable tale. He who won queens did not need to resort to such stratagems; and we do not need to believe in the stratagems to forgive Viola for her romance.

THE JOURNALIST.†

Novels of literary life we have in over-abundance. Hardly one of them reflects the real thing. By their enthusiasm, by their very articulateness, they betray ignorance of a *milieu* tremendously business-like on the surface, and which mostly saves clear expression for the printed page. This novel is a reflection of the real thing. Mr. Keary knows all the types, all the schools, all the temperaments; knows the shorthand, the slang; and perhaps even too phonographically echoes the bad English of great and little masters of reigning styles, in their leisure undress moments. We are not especially praising him for his choice of *milieu*; literary and artistic circles do not provide very good material for imaginative work. But we must praise him for having done what he set out to do vigorously and with the courage of the realist. He has half a dozen methods in this book, and he is perhaps not a realist by his latest conviction; but in his pictures of literary clubs and smoking dens he is of that school—if he be not indeed a literalist; and we wonder if his *confrères* like the result. Yet the main interest of the book does not lie in its echo of the various artistic shibboleths of the hour, but in the inner history of the hero, Richard Vaux. Vaux is the journalist of the title. We meet him first when he has a growing reputation for writing amusing dialogues and clever society novels, and a past behind him of still more prosaic work on daily papers. But he is doomed to fail as a journalist. He sees visions; he hears voices; and no journalist should hear anything but the clamour of subscribers. Just how the visionary and poetic part of him grew, discouraged by all that was prudent and respectable and cultivated in his English surroundings, and stimulated by the occasional society of a Dane and a German of brutal manners and morals and strong mystic imaginations, is described in a triumph of narration by suggestion. Here Mr. Keary is no literalist; quite the reverse. But his hero's life as a wanderer in Germany, under the spell of old legends, or of the immediate presence of Johnsen and Hauch, is far more of a reality than are the scenes in the smoking-room of the Piræan. Of course, Vaux is ruined as a journalist; and for a time it looks as if he would go under altogether. But though Mr. Keary is too wise to prophesy of his hero, even the hero of his own book, there is a note of serene hope in the last chapter. He does not chide him for his visionariness, which at the present moment, on high moral grounds, is the rôle of the fashionable preacher; and he does not pretend that his scribbler can ever make coherent half of what is struggling within him. "Yet that there should be a whole, even though it lay within only, there in the dark house of birth; that at least was somewhat. Perhaps that was enough, if he let it stir in him, to drown all complaints and all mis-reading of life." And so this very faulty hero, whose genius is not too much insisted on, one feels to be a real man, of flesh, blood, and soul, no materialist, and no whiner either. We must own to being puzzled sometimes over Vaux's love-story, at least, so far as the lady is concerned. Was her feeling so very maternal? We never feel it to be so. Was she not in the ordinary sense of the words in love with him? And does it make her more attractive, or even more human, to paint her as an amiable humbug? But Dick's love-story, though much to him, is little to us. He has a history outside it, about which his historian is very shrewd, very sympathetic and wise. Mr. Keary has gone back to the excellent path of "The Two Lancrofts." He has expiated "Herbert Vanlennert" a hundred times. He has written an interesting and stimulating novel after a very individual fashion

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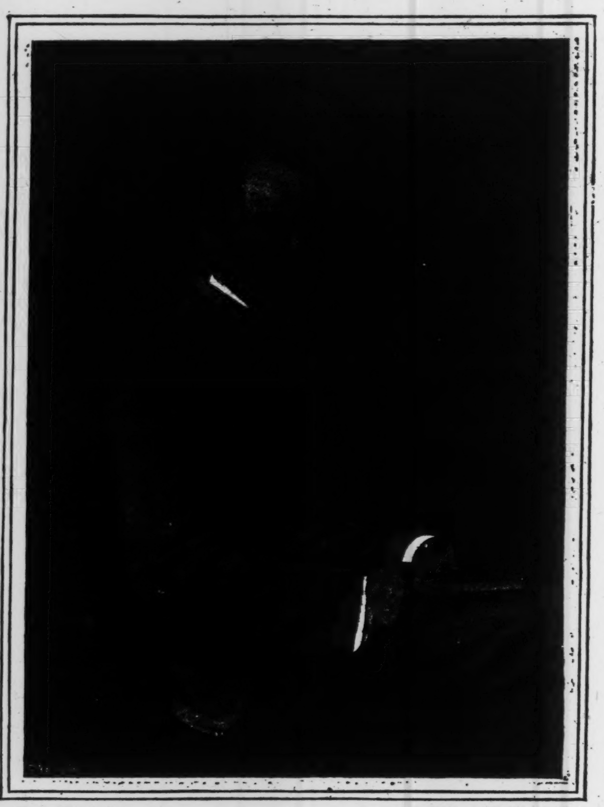
* "Wellington and Waterloo." By Major Arthur Griffiths. With an introduction by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P. 10s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

† "The Town Traveller." By George Gissing. 6s. (Methuen.)

* "In High Places." By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

† "The Journalist." By C. F. Keary. 6s. (Methuen.)



From Photo by] [*A. King, Notting Hill.*

MR. C. F. KEARY.

THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM.*

Mr. Watt's second series of curiosities from legal stores is entirely different from the earlier book of the same name, which had a limited though very appreciative audience. The subjects here discussed are of wider interest, and the discussion is more detailed and more picturesque. The chapters on Tyburn Tree, The Pillory and Cart's Tail, The Border Law, State Trials for Witchcraft, and Some Disused Roads to Matrimony, are alive with the life of the past in its blacker or its rougher aspects. Mr. Watt has dug in the mines where Scott dug for his romances, and given us the raw material. But he has selected his material, fitted it for the squeamish eyes of to-day, and by his literary talent has worked it into neat and finished essays. He is an ideal presenter of the rougher history of the past to cultivated readers; accurate, honest, yet with an eye for romance, not at all sentimental, and ever in good taste. There is a fine collection of strange stories in his book, all excellently told. Has he learnt his style of narration from the old State Trials, of which, as literature, he has the highest opinion? Froude and Macaulay and Stevenson, with all their eloquence and literary talent, have not, he asserts, approached the vigour and the vividness of the official sources of their picturesque history and fiction. The stories of the Fleet and of Gretna Green are of every shade of human interest, and perhaps of no edification at all. Not the least entertaining is that of Beattie, the keeper of the toll-bar at Gretna, whose "occupation went to his head, for lately he had a craze for marrying, so that he would creep up behind any chance couple and begin to mumble the magic words that made them one." One of the humanest stories is that of the mob and the Saddler of Bawtry. It was the custom to give a bowl of ale to the doomed man on his way to the gallows. The saddler refused the refreshment; whereupon the indignant mob howled for his instant dispatch. The deed was done with more than ordinary haste, and a reprieve arrived—too late—before he would have been strung up in the ordinary course of things. The world is divided into those who are with that mob, and those, a very poor handful, who would have scorned the bowl with the Saddler of Bawtry.

Strange, stirring, sordid, grotesque pictures Mr. Watt flashes on us. At the end we feel inclined to join in his comment, "People shuddered of yore; did they yawn quite so often?"

MR. MERRIMAN'S NEW NOVEL.†

Mr. Merriman's new novel is a disappointment. It is with real regret that we are compelled to say that the plot, the characterisation, the subject and the story of "Roden's Corner" are weaker than anything that has come from his pen for a long time. For this failure the subject is chiefly responsible. Most readers of fiction object, with good cause, we think, to the commercial novel, especially when that novel masquerades as a romance, and is the work of the author of "The Sowers." The story of business frauds, of "corners," belongs by ancient right to the newspapers. Compare "Roden's Corner" with the revelations of commercial rascality that fill the daily press, and you will find that the truth is stranger and more interesting than Mr. Merriman's fiction. The speculator disguised as philanthropist is no invention of the novelist. The guinea-pig director, the man of figures who asks no questions because he is making a fortune, the bluff, honest major who asks no questions because he would not understand the answers, but is useful when it comes to "thumping"—these are no new creations. They may not be the stock characters of the novelist, they certainly are of the journalist.

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* "The Law's Lumber Room." By Francis Watt. Second Series 4s. 6d. (Lane.)

† "Roden's Corner." By Henry Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

A number of women flit across the pages of "Roden's Corner," but they do little enough to justify their existence. The girl enjoying the latest craze for philanthropy, the "catlike" woman, the woman with a shadowy past, waiting for her revenge, the sentimental young lady, the lively young lady who looks upon the demolition of Roden's Corner as a great "spree"—these, too, are old friends. We should not object to them if they had anything to do with the unfolding of the story, but they haven't.

Roden's Corner is a corner in malgamite, and malgamite is a necessity in the manufacture of—paper. The scene of "Roden's Corner" is that most prosaic of countries, Holland. Malgamite and Holland—these two words sum up what, coming as it does from the author of "The Sowers," must be described as a disappointing book.

IN AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN.*

The history of Coventry has been intelligently chosen to illustrate English town life in old days. In the story of its municipal struggles, its complicated ecclesiastical life, its commercial prosperity, are many typical facts and features. There are no great out-standing figures after the mythical Leofric and Godiva; but for a study of the growth of corporate existence it is an excellent illustration. Such is its purpose in this series. But might it not suggest another series, which should deal with the records of all the large towns of England that are not of mushroom growth, in a similar way? The pride of local municipalities might encourage such a literary and sociological enterprise. The towns with a brilliant historic past have been already dealt with; but the trade records, the municipal archives, the charity schemes, the guild laws of such as have not the sentimental and picturesque interest of Oxford or Winchester, would be of the utmost value, not only to the citizens themselves, but to sociologists, who want a much greater mass of facts to work from ere they can bridge the gaps that separate the old times from ours, and begin to grapple scientifically with problems of modern town life.

Miss Harris is an excellent specimen of the worker stimulated by Mrs. J. R. Green. She goes to first-hand sources for information, ferrets among archives and contemporary records, takes endless trouble to gain a single fact. The chapters which aim at reconstructing the general life of the old town, and which are in purpose more popular, are the feeblest. Her special talent lies in the accurate statement of all the information she can gather from reliable quarters on important matters. Her detail is never trivial, for we feel she has gathered it faithfully for a more general historian. The sections on the Benedictine Monastery and The Beginnings of Municipal Government are patterns of how such investigation as hers should be noted. Caution, a sense of proportion, and modesty, have made her industry doubly valuable.

IN ARCTIC RUSSIA.†

Some people profess to be getting tired of the North Pole. We have really had so much North Pole these years. But we have not had much North Russia, and for our part we cannot conceive of anybody getting tired of Mr. Trevor-Battye. He writes in a style so bright and humoursome, so interesting and so entertaining, that we are not at all surprised at his being asked to write a sequel to his "Icebound on Kolgueo," and describe his adventurous journey up the Petchora and across the swamps to Archangel. This new book, which the writer most happily calls "A Northern Highway of the Tsar," rests its claims to interest, we are told, on Rasputnya, and Rasputnya alone. It seems that there are five seasons in the year of Northern Russia, and Rasputnya is the fifth. It is the dreary period between autumn and winter, when thaw alternates with frost, when rivers are dangerously charged with floating ice, and morasses are quaking and treacherous. It was during this season, when even Russians will hardly stir abroad, that Mr. Trevor-Battye elected to cross the swamps. He had some difficulty at times in getting his people to risk the journey; but he had learned "the invincible argument—a smile and 'I am going on.'" He speaks highly of the kindness, courtesy, and even generosity of the Russia peasant, though we are disposed to give at least a share of the credit for their pleasant relations to Mr. Trevor-Battye's own unfailing amiability and dauntless courage. The spirited portrait of the author, and the vignette of "Sailor," his faithful old spaniel, give just the necessary completeness to the book. Having read it for review, we are going to read it over again for pleasure, and surely no reviewer can say or do more.

Sir Martin Conway takes us a good deal further north—not so far as the despised Pole, however, but only to the inland ice of Spitsbergen (he insists upon the "s"; Spitzbergen is quite wrong). He and his friend take their work very seriously indeed, and the reader must needs do the same. There is no lack of interest when one gets fairly launched, though the style has not the attractiveness which we might have wished. The general reader will find it a little ponderous, and will be apt to give it up after he has found out what "ski" means and how to pronounce it, for, if our memory serves us aright, we did not get the latter item of information from Nansen, though he described the wooden snow-shoes eight feet long, five inches wide, turned up in front to a point "like the shoes of a fifteenth century dude," and called, as we are now informed, "shee." Sir Martin Conway and his friend have, by their two journeys of exploration among the glaciers, done excellent service in scientific investigation, and have brought home much valuable information. The book will be carefully read by all who take an interest in Arctic exploration. Mr. E. J. Garwood's photographs are among the finest we have seen, especially the exquisite view of King's Bay Glacier.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE TERROR. A Romance of the French Revolution. By Félix Gras. Translated from the Provençal by Catherine A. Janvier. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a sequel to some part of "The Reds of the Midi." It does not follow very far the fortunes of Pascalet, who is lost sight of—perhaps to be found again—after he joins the Army of the Revolution. But it is concerned with the story of Adeline, the maiden cursed in her noble parents, and adopted by the good plebeian Vauclairs. The plots against her liberty and for the possession of her fortune, of the villain Calisto, and her escape with her benefactors back to their beloved Provence, are described in the very lively, highly-coloured manner of M. Félix Gras. Historical events play a less direct part than in the former book; but the Terror looms above and all around, the disorder of the time giving horrible opportunities for private violence. The story is sensational and extravagant. La Jacarasse, Surto, and Calisto seem almost impossible monsters, demons seen through a mist of blood. It is neither a very coherent, nor a very well put together tale. Every page is either lurid, or feverish, or lyrical. The glow of the South is in it, for good or for bad. But the general impression left on the memory is of something strong, original, and exhilarating.

It is not in the least a philosophical book; at all events, it does not reflect our philosophy of the Revolution now. We study, we approve here, condemn there, have large regrets, and look backward to much good that the great upheaval made for ever after impossible. But in "The Terror" we hear again the clear song of the Marseillais, feel the fervent belief and enthusiasm for the new freedom won, the new brotherhood declared; and the words and tunes are of Southern ardour. After all, that is the subject of the book, the South, all its joy, all its loving-kindness—the guillotine even "was shorn of some of its horrors in that bright land"—and all its enlightenment. We hear of a Latin Renaissance. M. Gras contributes this book towards it. Hear how his fervour speaks: "The South, which had always kept alive her flame of Liberty, and that in the dark ages—herself lettered and civilised—had sent up to the North her own passion and enthusiasm for all that is noble and generous; for all that makes for liberty of spirit and beauty of thought and the dignity of man. It was in those dark ages that the South had laid the foundations of the Revolution. Had it not been for the accursed Crusade preached by the Monk of Citeaux, the crusade that was led by Montfort the pillager, the Revolution would have come six hundred years sooner. It was the North, with its bastard German blood, that kept France in the thick darkness of a night that lasted for six centuries—not the South, with its glorious Greek and Roman grafts!"

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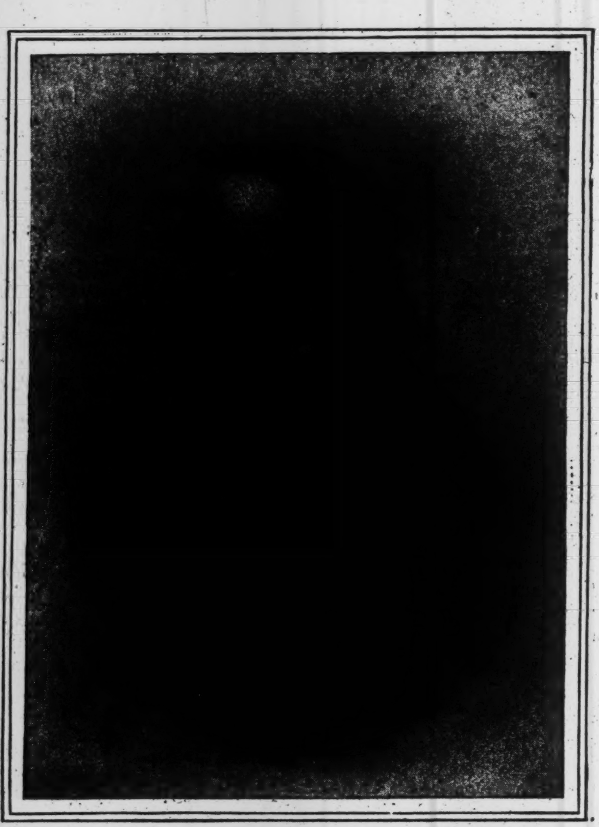
* "Life in an Old English Town." A History of Coventry from the Earliest Times. Compiled from Official Records. By Mary Dormer Harris. Social England Series. 4s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

† "A Northern Highway of the Tsar." By A. Trevor-Battye. 6s. (A. Constable and Co.)

"With Ski and Sledge through Arctic Glaciers." By Sir Martin Conway. 6s. (Dent and Co.)



From Photo by] M. FELIX GRAS. [*France, Avignon.*

GOD'S OUTCAST. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

Mr. Silas Hocking writes of what he knows. The position of a provincial Methodist minister is no sinecure, for the pleasing of a congregation in a country town is harder work than road-making. In this story Mr. Hocking represents a peculiarly painful case. A young minister, tied by an old-standing engagement to a vulgar woman older than himself, falls in love with a girl of tastes and ideas like his own. He does his best to free himself, but is held to his bond and condemned to a miserable existence with a drunken wife. The tale could hardly be sadder or more sordid. Our pity is strongly roused, for even the man's self-respect as well as his religious faith is almost lost. Yet by the influence of a good woman he is at last restored. Mr. Hocking has done much to win sympathy for the obscure Nonconformist clergy whose lives are filled with tasks often thankless enough. This is only one more added to a long list of excellent stories of ministerial life.

A SENSATIONAL CASE. By Florence Warden. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

A villain goes unhung a great deal too long in this story; and there is no very good reason why at least a selection from his crimes should not have been brought clearly to his door long before the end. Linley is so unutterably mean, bad-hearted, and, save in commonplace crime, so dull that there is no particular inducement even for a reader to wish for his prolonged liberty. But we admit Miss Warden has grounds for leaving him at large. His beautiful and innocent wife had a certain elevating influence on the weaker members of his gaming circle; and time is wanted to allow one of these to reform thoroughly enough to be ready to support her when death at last frees the earth, and cheats the gallows, of Mr. Linley Dax. There is a far more ambitious and, we must own, more capable study of character apparent in this book than in Miss Warden's earlier ones; but then the story is not so good as usual.

LADY MAY OF THE DARK HOUSE. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 6s. (Bowden.)

Everybody does not enjoy sensationalism; and those who do not, need not read "Lady May of the Dark House." But those who do, ought certainly not to miss it, for it is distinctly good of its kind. Of course, one does not demand probability in a story of this class. What one demands is excitement, suspense, mystery, and more or less of horror. And Mrs. Williamson offers us all these in clever combination. She has an effective fashion of holding back the climax till the last and supreme moment, and of gratifying her readers with an unexpected thrill just when the nerves are at the highest tension. Yet she uses an admirable restraint, and never becomes hysterical. Her taste is excellent. "Lady May" is second to none that she has written.

From Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

THE BLUE FLAG. A Tale of the Rebellion. By Max Hillary. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Monmouth and his men have not a very solemn chronicler in Mr. Hillary. He is mainly concerned with showing the farcical side of the hasty, ill-advised rebellion, so far as he deals with its public history at all; and the Duke, with his smiles and graces, is not much of a hero to him. It is to the private episodes that strewed the campaign, the rustic love-makings, leave-takings, treacheries and fidelities, that were more real to the good Somerset folk than their cries for Monmouth and the Protestant religion, that he devotes his serious powers. An excellent story he makes out of these, and he tells it with a quiet force, a quaint and simple humour that are enough to distinguish it pleasantly from the hundreds of historical romances made to be gulped that crowd the market. This may be taken in a leisurely way, for it has a flavour of its own worth lingering over.

A CROWNED QUEEN. The Romance of a Minister of State. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is the best, it seems to us, of all the writer's successful stories. The narrative "goes" better; and the working out of the characters shows a considerable development of her powers. In the former tale, "An Uncrowned King," it will be remembered that an English gentleman, a typical English gentleman, was for a time forced into the position of sovereign of an East-European state. Circumstances relieved him of his responsibilities, and he retired home to his estates, and lived a happy, useful domestic life. He was a good fellow, but in no way interesting. He left behind him, however, a brother, one of those puny, insignificant-looking creatures, with wills of iron and endless ambition. An ordinary Parliamentary career in England was not good enough for him. Thracia presented more opportunities for fun and power. So he became adviser to the reign-

From Photo by Pestel, Eastbourne.

SYDNEY C. GRIER.

ing monarch, and, at his death, counsellor and guardian to his widow, who detested him, and her young son. The plots and intrigues of the various Thracian parties provide matter for an excellent story. But the chief interest centres in the relations of the young queen-mother and Lord Cyril. She is a pretty little termagant, and he is not very conciliatory; but his honesty, or his masterfulness, or his capability, or his cold ambition, or something more mysterious, dominates her ere long, and at last she falls in love with him. He, though not very susceptible, is fascinated, and their love-story is the most romantic which the writer has yet told. The description of their life as fugitives during some of the early troubles is delightful. But, of course, the romance comes to nothing, and the manner of its failure shows real insight into character. The hot-tempered, wilful, shrewish queen can abase herself when she is really in love. She is willing to live anywhere and anyhow with Cyril, after her son takes on himself the management of the kingdom. But she finds Cyril unresponsive. She has crossed his will in state matters; and love is easily killed in his nature. He declines the honour, snubs her in her humility in the most brutal way, and retires to England, bitter enough at the end of his dictatorship. An unattractive, steel-hearted, and most interesting character is Cyril, the most ambitious and the most successful which the writer has yet drawn for us.

PEGGY OF THE BARTONS. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Peggy is the heroine of a very old story, which has been told hundreds of times before, and this time quite as pleasantly as the subject will allow of. We meet her very young and very pretty, between two gallant lovers. One has a heart of shoddy and one of pure gold. She chooses the shoddy man, for his handsome face and his gay manners, and lives to regret her choice. We think Mr. Croker has made a mistake in insisting on the rustic Peggy's extreme refinement, fruit of an aristocratic lineage and a careful bringing up. If she had been as high-bred and fine-bred as we are given to understand, she would have taken alarm at once at the dubious persons to whom her scoundrelly husband introduced her in Dublin. Save for that, the story proceeds in a probable and entertaining and not too melancholy fashion. For Peggy's luck does not desert her when her husband does. She is not the starving, forsaken wife. First the drapery establishment opens its doors to her; then a rich old lady finds she is just the child she has so long wanted to brighten and stimulate her life; and then, of course, the old lover with the heart of gold, rediscovers her when she has had time to learn the genuine hall-mark of honest men. "Peggy of the Bartons" is among the pleasantest of this popular writer's stories; unattractive in style, but healthy in tone, and with abundance of incident and varied character-drawing.

TO ARMS! Being some passages from the Early Life of Allan Oliphant, Chirurgeon, written by himself, now set forth for the first time by Andrew Balfour, and illustrated by Cecil W. Quinnell. 6s. (Methuen.)

There are close on three hundred and fifty pages in Mr. Balfour's narrative, and to say that each contains an adventure would be to describe meagrely the liberality of his plan, the profuseness of his matter. Even Dumas the prodigal would have spread the stuff of this single novel, had he used it, over several books. We confess to having been much exhausted by "To Arms!" even while we heartily admired the energy and the reckless generosity of the writer. After all, it is not a complaint we are often tempted to make; and it contains much praise; for it means that Mr. Balfour has spared neither time, nor pains, nor ingenuity, to give his hero a really interesting career, if it was beyond his power to make him an interesting person. We should fill several of these columns, if we were to give a mere inventory of the adventures and dangers which his luckless young surgeon is made to go through, perils by land and water, from rebels, from body-snatchers, from public and private foes, from fair ladies and common murderers, among Cowgate mobs and in Paris prisons. Allan is a most agile, a many-jointed puppet, if he is only a puppet. But Mr. Balfour is alive, though his hero is not; and he will live to do something more humanly interesting some day.

THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"The House of Hidden Treasure" has in some respects the manner of an older day. It is solid in workmanship, elaborate in plot; the villain is of the good old school, and intercepts letters, poisons the minds of friends, sets his enemy afloat in a leaky boat, and acts in all things according to the best traditions of his class. Yet the book gains, rather than loses by its old-fashioned flavour. There is a degree of gravity—even of primness—which sits gracefully upon Miss Tuttiett. Flippancy does not become her. She is at her best when serious. And yet there is no lack of vivacity in the story, though it finds its most successful expression, not directly in the writer's *propria persona*, but through a particularly lively heroine, who by a rigorous application of her favourite motto, "De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace," alternately fascinates and exasperates her friends. No book could be dull with Grace Dorrien in it, even were the other characters less interesting and the situations less striking than these. The reader cannot but yield to her charm, and long and involved as the plot is, she compels his interest to the end. The closing pages are deeply pathetic—not disappointing, for the ending is the only appropriate one. No other would have been satisfactory. Grace could not have taken a new *rôle* after creating for herself that of "Hidden Treasure" in the Old House.

[*From Photo by*] "MAXWELL GRAY." [*Wright.*

GOD'S PRISONER. The Story of A Crime, A Punishment, A Redemption. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

When we first make Mr. James Ayrton's acquaintance we have no desire to pursue it. He appears to be a weak scoundrel of the ordinary type, and drifts into crime in the train of dissipation—in no way an interesting rascal. His expiatory adventures and the tale of his redemption are the more surprising. Yet we admit it would almost change any man's life were he to kill his partner in anger, pack the body in a box, place it securely in a Safe Deposit, and afterwards receive coherent, business-like letters from a foreign port in the dead man's name and in his handwriting. It is not for us to divulge the plot, which, if something less than a puzzle-mystery, is an ingenious enough invention. Mr. Oxenham soon leaves the ordinary detective-story lines, and continues along the no less popular track of pirates and castaways. The ocean has its perils, we know, but the number of shipwrecks credited to the characters in "God's Prisoner" is perhaps inordinate. In the midst of hardships at sea, of dangers from rascals of a more daring complexion than he had ever worn, of Arcadian life on a desert island in the company of an amiable lady and an innocent child, Ayrton becomes a changed man. From his beginnings, we should have been more ready to believe the tale of his career, had he joined the ruffianly pirates; but Mr. Oxenham took a happier view of his case, which was, no doubt, fortunate for the success of his story.

AN HONOURABLE ESTATE. By Ella Macmahon. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Italy is always an attractive *mise en scène* for the novelist. Its picturesque charm can hardly fail to transfer itself in some degree to the story. And Ireland, too, has its fascination for the writer of romance, and poetry and the warmer emotions flourish readily in its soil. Miss Macmahon lays her scene in each of these countries in turn, and in each case reaps the advantage of her surroundings. Florence is a city we do not soon tire of, and it loses none of its interest in Miss Macmahon's hands. It is all the pleasantest of reading. But the human interest of the story does not begin until the heroine is married and settled in her husband's Irish country parish. After that the writer has the best opportunity to show her skill. She succeeds admirably in interesting us in the honest, unfashionable parson and his aristocratic, high-bred young wife. It would not be fair to tell the story. Readers must dip into it for themselves. But it all ends just as it ought to, and "Jimmy has the happiness he deserves." Miss Macmahon can write very pleasantly, and knows just how much detail of dress and furniture is interesting to her readers. She makes no attempt to avoid femininity, and succeeds none the worse on that account. Only it is a pity she allows the self-conscious falsetto note to appear in her style. It generally marks the amateur, and Miss Macmahon is far beyond that stage.

MISS ELLA MACMAHON.

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESSES. By Sarah Tytler. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

Miss Tytler keeps her old vigour, and in this last tale, while there is all the good Scotch grit of her early work, there is also a firmer and a more philosophical grasp of character. The Dundee of the early part of the century is the background, and a romantic enough one it is, though the central personage is a cabinet-maker. The cabinet-maker is a lady, however. Not that Mrs. Carmichael suggests romantic surroundings. She is a very real person, compact of good sense and capability, clever at fending for the weak of her own household a little hard on idlers and triflers, but profusely generous when her feelings are kindled, equally proud of her family and jealous of the honour of her business. Her goddesses are her two daughters, whom she keeps free from all taint of the shop, in an aristocratic seclusion becoming their high lineage, as if she expected dukes, at least, might be wanting to marry them. She is not humble-minded in their regard. Yet in the end, when they make but poor matches, so far as worldly gear and repute are concerned, she approves; for she is an aristocrat in mental and spiritual matters as well, and in these her pride was satisfied. The finest thing in the book, we think, is the story of the relations of this capable, austere, and managing woman with her ne'er-do-well son. He has broken loose from her, at the beck of a nature weaker, but more richly passionate than hers. But in the grave moments of life there is a complete understanding between them; for amid all their unlikeness they have generosity in common. The stories of the goddesses and their suitors make good enough reading, but the figure of their mother dominates the book—one of Miss Tytler's best.

JUST A GIRL. By Charles Garvice. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)

Here we have Bret Harte distorted by nightmare—a most cheerful nightmare, nevertheless. Readers about to sit down to the perusal of "Just a Girl" should throw off all their critical armour and weapons. They will not need them, for the story never touches real life at any point. The fine consistency of the extravagance is not once disturbed. The heroine is a foundling brought into Three Star Camp in the postman's bag. Each of the crew of miners and "sundowners" clamours, of course, to have her for his own; they play for her, and the infant falls to Mr. Varley Howard, professional gambler and the finest, noblest-minded gentleman you are likely to meet with even in fiction for many a long day to come. Diana is not to be named in the same breath with the young Esmeralda when she blossoms into womanhood. She has all the graces and all the virtues, both masculine and feminine. Of course, she is really the heiress to millions, and when she comes to England she marries the heir of a dukedom. But though England rings with her praises, all our boasted civilisation sounds hollow and false to her pure ears. Besides that, the duke's son is jealous and insulting. So, just at the moment she is raised to the rank of a duchess, she flees back to her guardian, the noble-minded gambler, back to the Arcadian simplicity, to the virtuous hardships of Three Star Camp. There her duke seeks her, is reconciled, and for a time the magnificent couple live "a perfect life" among the scenes of her miraculous childhood. But a duke has calls on him. Ours was not criminally deaf to these, and even Esmeralda consented to exchange the camp for Belgravia. Howard's part in this was a free trip to England, when he was shown round a good deal, and for the time had evidently a holiday from the profession not so openly honoured in ducal circles as in settlements of miners and sundowners. That is all the book contains; but what more would you have?

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER. By Eleanor Holmes. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Miss Holmes's story may not reflect the world as it is, but it reflects the world as it presents itself to some very amiable and enviable persons. There are people in her tale of a rather cloying goodness; but there are also uncompromising villains, and one of the blackest of them is the literary heroine's beautiful sister. She takes up the flaunting profession of singing. Literature we are made to feel is a modest violet. A few of the villains, whom we are never allowed to get on intimate terms with, receive summary and exemplary punishment—for Miss Holmes can stiffen into austerity at times. Another one, whom she loves, is shown not to be a villain at all, but a victim of hard circumstances. He is allowed to win happiness after a very long expiation—which is satisfactory all round. The heroine is a compact of beautiful sacrifices and sentiments—a kind of schoolgirl's dream of virtue. A clammy, enervating atmosphere hangs about the story, which has very much the look of being a first attempt, though this is not the case. For instance, one amateurish trait is that opinions and ways of life uncongenial to Miss Holmes are apt to be represented by unpleasant or unfortunate persons. But if a robuster air were to force its way into her mind, she might do good work. The story is well put together, the writing is above the average, and when sentiment does not clog her pen, it can draw portrait sketches with vigour.

AN ENEMY TO THE KING. By R. N. Stephens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Here we are among the personages and the plots of Dumas' famous series which begins with *La Reine Margot.* The hero, the young Sieur de la Tournoire, a not too zealous Huguenot, comes to the court of Henry III. By the treachery of a woman he is honoured with the enmity of the Duc de Guise and the favour of Margaret of Navarre, who, to save his life, sends him on an embassy to her husband. From the Béarn Court he is sent as recruiting agent for the Huguenots of the neighbourhood, and in that capacity he lacks neither adventures nor determined enemies. A keen sword and a quick wit stand him in good stead, and he comes out of his troubles with a charming lady as his comrade, who helps him to forget another of her sex whose charms might have been equal had they not been overshadowed by her villainy. Mr. Stephens is a talented story-teller. He has written on a conventional model, but not in a conventional style, and his personages stand out in an impressive fashion. If only he will keep up to his present vigorous level, he is certain of success.

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Courtice Jaffrey was the most refined of mortals. He was easily bored and disgusted. He was clad in purple and fine linen, lived in the most artistic surroundings, was an accomplished member of society, and had the bluest of eyes. His high principles and his tender-heartedness words fail us—but not Miss Train—to express. Only, he was also a burglar and pickpocket of exceptional talent. He lived sumptuously on stolen jewellery and notes of high value. But he only stole from the rich and the purse-proud; to the needy his hand was ever open. A modern Robin Hood, in fact. Robin Hood, however, led a hardy and adventurous life, which commends him more to the mind of the ordinary reader than does the scented existence of this dandified thief. His history is told in sentimental fashion by his valet, to whom he was a hero. But then the valet was a gaol-bird. A trifle more probability and sane interest attach to the second tale, "A Professional Beauty," which relates the salvation of a woman from the snares of the world through an honest and disinterested love.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *PULO WAY.* By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

All the necessary material for a good sea-story is here, and if it is old and familiar, it is put together with fresh vigour. You may anticipate each chapter and greet every man on board the *Pulo Way* as an old friend—the ruffianly captain, the treacherous first-mate, the insinuating, dangerous Chinaman, the sole passenger, who smells danger and crime from the first, and his one stand-by, the honest second-mate—but we think you will read on. Mr. Dawe does not seem blasé or careless in his use of the old traditional stuff: the trader turning pirate, the saving of the girl from the sunk treasure-ship, the deadly fight between the pirates and the two honest men, and the conventional happy ending. We pronounce it good, and boys will pronounce us right. But Mr. Carlton Dawe once had other ambitions. He wished to paint rough life vividly and not conventionally, and also to write well. In "The *Pulo Way*" he has dropped these ambitions overboard.

SONS OF ADVERSITY. By L. Cope Cornford. 6s. (Methuen.)

Whatever be Mr. Cornford's fame among the readers of adventure stories, and as yet it is certainly not so wide as his merits deserve, he will weary no one outside that class who has the glimmerings of a literary sense. He can write admirably, and he does it, too, not by fits and starts, but with a consistent vigour and a most evident delight in his work. It is this visible enjoyment on the part of the writer which charms us most—more than the story, though that is good also. He gets all he can out of the situation. There are others who can make a continuous narrative more convincing and more imposing, but we doubt if he has any rivals in interpreting the minds of the chief actors in the stirring incidents. His best success is with the study of character and motives—very important in stories of adventure; but of course boys won't see it; and Mr. Cornford has hardly a chance of being first favourite with them. He must have his admirers, however, among such as taste their fiction more slowly, more fastidiously, and a little more sadly. The figure, and what one is allowed to guess of the character of Stukely Nettlestone, by turns traitor, gamester, and gallant man, hold fast a place in one's memory. He could hardly have been better reflected than as we see him in the mind of a young son, to whom he had been lately a hero, a saint, and who was, hour by hour, learning the strange mixture in his many hued nature, and the endless possibilities of his unfortunate career. From every page nearly we could quote samples of delightful writing, whether descriptive of the world as it flashed and gloomed on the eyes of the susceptible young Roger, fighter and poet—though he would have disowned the latter title—or of the siege of Leyden, or of a young maiden as she looked to her lover. The style is full of a manly charm, rough or sweet according to the needs of the case, but ever vigorous. Among the story-writers of his class only Mr. Bernard Capes can be compared to him for carefulness of workmanship; and there is a simplicity about Mr. Cornford's manner which wins our interest more surely.

CALEB WEST: MASTER DIVER. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 6s. (A. Constable and Co.)

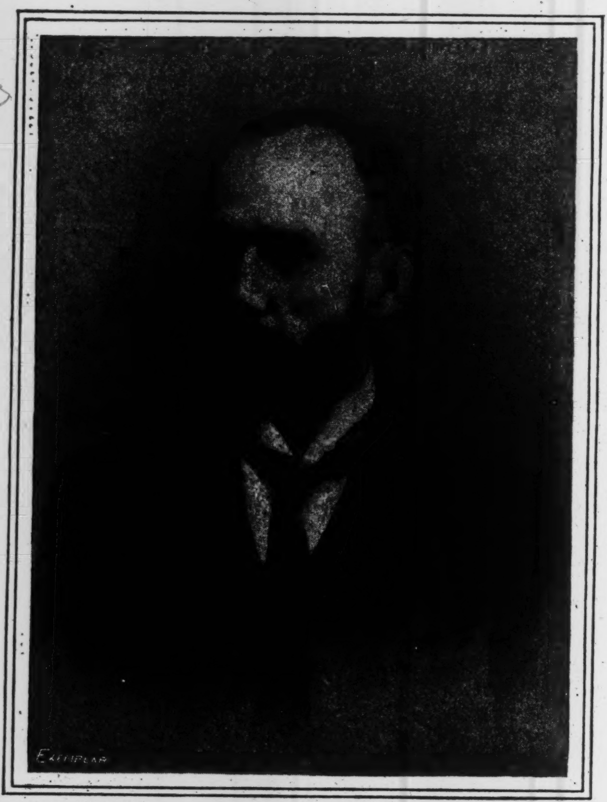
There is a frank naturalness about this story which we have found particularly attractive. The characters are thoroughly human. They speak and act like living people, and secure the reader's friendship from the first. Caleb West is a strong and interesting character, but there is a burly-chested, big-hearted old sea-dog, known as Captain Joe, whom we prefer even to the diver. There is something invigorating and refreshing in the briny atmosphere which he brings with him everywhere. The young civil engineer, too, is an entirely satisfactory type of man, clever, sensible, and honestly human, a capital business man where lighthouse building is concerned, a loyal and honourable gentleman in his friendship with Mrs. Leroy. In fact, all the characters are good; the details of engineering work are interesting; the style is bright and effective. The writer is to be congratulated on his work.

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

DINKINBAR. By H. C. MacIlwaine. 6s. (A. Constable.)

There is a story in "Dinkinbar" which is too good to ignore; but those who are most impressed by the book may forget the story as soon as the last page has been read, and long remember the rest. It is one of the rare books that help to make Australia real to English folks. Station-life in all its aspects, seen through men's eyes and women's eyes, with its heroisms, its petty routine, its grinding toil, and its independence, is vividly depicted. In the writer's hands it proves good material for a story, and still better for the display of human nature in such close partnership, and such strong rivalry with Mother—or Foster-mother—nature, as exists in pioneer life on ranches and in the bush. But the one thing that distinguishes Mr. Mac-

Ilwaine's book from all the other Australian novels that have come across to us, is his revelation how such a life may affect the more sensitive, the finer-grained souls. We know the maladies of such among ourselves, in our tame life at home; and we call them morbid and decadent. But there are victims living away from the softnesses of an old civilisation, under the open sky, seeing the close connection between hard bodily toil and daily food. Yet he will live, the springs of effort die, and if life still goes on, then it is as a poor, mean visitor in a disgraceful body ever after, no matter how fine the soul has been that once abode there, too. Ned Singleton has not been fed on words or dreams; has not lain on a bed of roses; has lived a clean, laborious, austere life; yet he does not escape. The naked solitude of the wilds has been solace to him; and in a dark hour it brings him nigh to madness. His gradual fall to the condition of a "hatter," and his great escape, are incidents with no very showy scenery about them; but in recent novels we have met with nothing more essentially dramatic.



From Photo by] [*Frank Wells, New Oxford Street.*

MR. H. C. MACILWAINE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MARTYR'S BIBLE. By George Firth. 6s. (Lane.)

Let us warn Sunday-school superintendents that if, on the strength of the title, they buy twenty copies or so of this work to present to their diligent scholars, they will be circulating a kind of literature which will not further their pious purpose. The Martyr's Bible is in the story right enough—a miracle-working volume that influences for good everyone that takes it in his hands. But in this generation it lives in queer and highly sensational company, and knows things no well brought up Sunday-school child should hear of. We would warn no one else away from this incredible and quite indescribable book. We ourselves have found it a mine of entertainment and of marvel. From the point of view of amusement only one fault can be found with it: That it tails off in interest towards the end, instead of being arranged on the climax system. But no climax could be found to the inimitable first Adventure, entitled "The Knife that Fell." Imagine a quiet, respectable family, owners of the sacred volume, the members being a young man given to theology, and his brother equally addicted to private theatricals, an invalid mother, a venerable father. Their home is a very temple of domestic bliss. Enters as habitant a woman relative, young, beautiful—but our own words are unavailing. She was "the woman that no man can see without boiling madness in the blood;" a tiger at heart, and graceful as such. The two amiable brothers begin at once to hate each other, without a moment's quarrelling. The private theatrical one passionately and privately embraced her before she had been five minutes in the house, and the theological one declared, "I saw Harold's soul dart like a slender and transparent floating figure freeing itself from him as readily as a man who leaps into the air frees his shadow from its roots at his feet. This figure, this dream that yet was a heart's reality, flew level as a tiger springs, and pressed its lips on Juliet's throat." He was taken just as badly himself, though with a difference. To him the fire that came out of her was "like the taste of the juice of peaches in summer." We do not understand; but then we are not at all in love with Juliet. His passion and his metaphors only cooled when he clasped the Martyr's Bible. Perhaps that suggested his winning and retaining her affections by long talks on controversial theology. He was giving her an unsparing dose when, before he was aware of her intentions, "she had taken me round the neck with her beautiful smooth arms, and had kissed me on the lips," after which proceeding she "drew up her feet on the ottoman, and underneath the great steel star of swords she cuddled herself round into a position of rest like a tired kitten." This was very encouraging; he continued the serious conferences, and became her spiritual director; but whether she was impossibly bored, or because the Bible did not lie handy, or because she had been drinking hard lately—and that is a fact which the chronicler of this queen of charmers tells with perfect coolness—just when his Protestantism was growing eloquent she brought down the "steel star of swords" aforementioned, and shut his mouth by a nearly fatal wound. Then she continued her brilliant, tiger-like career, first by the side of the private theatrical brother, and afterwards by the side of others. This may not sound coherent, but where you have a Juliet you seek something more interesting than coherence.

This is far from being the only adventure of the Bible, though, indeed, that martyr's book had very little to do with this mad jumble of melodrama and undigested theology. There is a Nihilist story; there is a tale of a Socialist parson; one of a precocious village boy; and they are almost equally impossible, though they have each a disjointed and bizarre kind of talent about them. But there is no other so boldly, so magnificently bad and mad as this tale of Juliet, "The Knife that Fell."

WILLOWBRAKE. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Methuen.)

We wonder what audience Mr. Gilchrist had in his mind's eye when he wrote "Willowbrake." To children under twelve it might almost seem a real novel. Decayed governesses and spinster grand-aunts who disapprove of the manners of the present day, will find its language noble. The squire's lady, who sees democratic disrespect creeping stealthily into the village, might present it to the reading-room as a cheap and elegant antidote. Outside these there does not seem to be much chance or use for it. All the chief personages have the most dignified mien and the most pompous vocabulary. The heroine, when eight years old, introduces a request to her governess to have her hair put up and her frocks let down, because she is going to visit a boy cousin of thirteen, with these words: "Miss Dudgeon, I hardly know how to make the request, but I really feel the matter preying on my mind. Pray consider well before you decide. If you think it would encourage vanity, do not hesitate to tell me frankly." Perhaps this is a joke, or as near a joke as the well-conducted author will allow himself. But if so, the joke runs through the book in a way that palls. "You ingrate!" says the father to his daughter, when she refuses to accept what has been dishonestly acquired. Sad to relate, though the manners are high, the morals are nothing much to boast of. The estate of Willowbrake belongs rightly to Richard Wootton. When he comes to disturb the occupant of it, Rowland, Lord Wootton, the author evidently has very little sympathy with him. No wonder; he is an uncouth personage, and his conversational style has not been formed on the model of Sandford and Merton. His noble relative—such a perfect gentleman, such courtly manners, with such a fine vocabulary!—tricks him out of his inheritance, for the sake of his beloved daughter, who is even more Johnsonian than himself. The noble young woman rejects the estate when she knows the story; and for this piece of very common honesty she is made the heroine of a very prim, queer book, and, of course, the heiress to Willowbrake. We hope she gave her uncouth kinsman lessons in polite conversation in return for his generosity.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY. By **Joseph McCabe**, formerly Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F. 6s. (Richards.)

This is a more detailed description of monastic life than the author's "Twelve Years in a Monastery." You may learn here just how a monk dresses, when he gets up and goes to bed, what he eats, what his fasts mean, how he spends his time, what work is expected of him, and how much recreation is permitted. For all bodies of Franciscans in England and Belgium his description may be accepted as complete and accurate. His book is very discouraging to aspirants to a monastic career, not because he paints in lurid and sensational colours the conventual life, but because he strips it of all romance, all spiritual interest. Mr. McCabe is pretty certain there is no romance, and he is very sceptical of the spiritual edification. His condemnation of monasticism is not based on scandals, but on his experience that the system breeds commonplace, stupid, mean-natured, indolent, and irresponsible men, to whom neither religion nor learning comes to fill up the gap left by the want of worldly concerns, and who are mainly interested in their food and drink and their own domestic gossip. We can well understand how hampering and deadening must the life be to anyone of the writer's stamp. Quite unconsciously, but quite clearly, he paints himself—a man quick-brained, of restless energy and practical ability, with a love of intellectual combats and an interest in the movements of the world. Unless he had drugged his nature, the system was impossible for him. But even some Protestants will finish his book with an unsatisfied feeling. No great system could have the strength, which even he admits modern monasticism to maintain were it merely a refuge for the idle and incapable. All the practical cleverness of the Roman Church could not keep its foundations steady were this so. Romance, to use a secular word, and spiritual glamour, not only sway men—or boys, if we accept his explanation—to put on the frock, but the opportunities given to mystic and contemplative souls cannot be wasted to the extent he would lead us to infer. Not merely pressure and incitement from without, but some satisfaction within, must explain the permanence of the institutions, and even the degree of moral health which he acknowledges to exist. A modern monastery of the less rigid order may be full of compromises, commonplaceness, and yet serve that need for seclusion in which some souls can alone grow and blossom. There is one real form of monasticism in our midst, he admits, and he draws a shuddering picture of the Carthusians at Parkminster. A mystic might interpret their existence differently, but this is how it appears in the eyes of an active-minded, intelligent and energetic observer. "In the centre of their great quadrangle a towering cross ever draws their eyes to the quiet cemetery at its foot; their system has but one logical aim—the inspiration of an unnatural love of death and piteous contempt of life, and their great library is a mockery to them. Why vex one's soul about knowledge and opinions?"

THE REVELATION OF ST. LOVE THE DIVINE. By **F. B. Money Coutts.** 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Mr. Money Coutts is at variance with most things of the hour. Hardly one lives who understands what Love is. We are all either prudish or vicious. A great tide of divine Passion is needed to cleanse the world. Like some other Jeremiahs, he is uncharitable as well as censorious. For instance, of an unfortunate person who is not in love either with a woman or "the abstract, universal maid," he says, "I half surmise he worships ill." And few of us are so knowing in the evil of the world, or so pitiless to the tempted human soul as to echo, even if we dared,

> "I know no more lascivious sight
> Than Parsifal before the walls
> Of Klingsor's castle; and no light
> Corrupter than from Wagner falls."

Now surely, and with haste, will a special "whip" be issued by Mr. Schultz-Curtius to his trusty men and women. Our poet is also discontented with Science, with Religion, and with modern Poetry, which he irreverently calls

> "the twaddling lay
> Of moon and dream and passing mood."

He expects something tremendous from Art, when it weds once more with Love. So do we, if Mr. Money Coutts be not the major-domo of that joint household. If it were not for the name of the thing, likewise the fun of it, we should prefer that the praiser of St. Love, who speaks of the famous Thirty-nine of the Anglican ritual as the "Forty Articles, save one," should write in plain prose. His aspirations and anathemas would then be more coherent, and our world is in need of both, for he is high-minded, and we honour all his intentions and some of his gospel, if we do not like his tune. The "Revelation of St. Love" is a grotesque, and rather ill-tempered, but most sincere, and therefore, distinguished little book.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By **H. E. Housman.** 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

When these poems appeared nearly three years ago we gave them a hearty welcome; and we feel now that their republication must be one of the chief events of the present season, be the others what they may. Of all our younger poets is there one so spontaneous, so genuine, so directly human as Mr. Housman? The others have their own qualities, but he has that of immediate appeal to the heart. He has imitated no one, though Heine may have inspired him. Unambitious in manner, his technique, judged by his purpose and plan, is yet almost faultless. He has the lyric gift, and he has used it for the honour of the West Country, for the revelation of country hearts, of rustic passion and tragedy.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, and other Poems. By **Mackenzie Bell.** 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There is less of distinctly local colouring in this second series of Travel Pictures than in those contained in "Spring's Immortality." And the sentiments as well as the descriptions are vaguer. More picturesque in plan is "The Battle's Pause," imaginary visions of home scenes that pass through the minds of soldiers—French, English, and Scottish, during a lull at Waterloo. The supposed musings of the boy Coleridge to himself, and those of the boy Chatterton, are interesting attempts; but Mr. Bell is not seen at his best in this new volume.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE, and other Studies. By **Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet.** 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Bosanquet's essays on social subjects are best characterised as thoughtful. There is no pretension in any of them to do other than summarise other people's thought, but there is evidence of study and of an enlightened mind. We think they are well fitted to rouse interest in such subjects as industrial training and the domestic conditions of the poorer classes. One or two of them, "The Burden of Small Debts," "Little Drudges and Troublesome Boys," make very practical and very wise appeals to the sympathy of readers. These are the least ambitious and the best. While we recognise the admirable temper and the intelligent standpoint of the others, we confess they have disappointed us. The one on "The Education of Women" is superfluous. The remainder, notably the title-essay, are mostly insufficient. Mrs. Bosanquet's style is more fitted for a commentary on psychological subjects than for elucidating practical social questions. A first reading may give the impression that the practical issues are being judged loftily, and from an intellectual point of view. A second will be apt to convince that, when all the matter has been boiled down, the facts, the clear theories, the inferences are hardly enough to offer even to the interested untrained beginner. He could digest more. At least we think he should be able to, before he tackles these things at all. And Mrs. Bosanquet had more to give him. But we except from this criticism a brief and clear summary of certain modern opinions on "The Lines of Industrial Conflict."

A STUDY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT and the Rights of Women. By **Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D.** 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

This study is based on an academic dissertation on the subject, presented by Miss Rauschenbusch-Clough for her doctor's degree at Bern. It still bears the mark of its origin, in its effort after a completeness which results in a want of proportion. All the existing lives have been made use of, and though nothing of importance is given that is not recorded by Godwin or Mrs. Pennell or Mr. Paul, the work of the latest biographer is an excellent summary. To what extent Mary Wollstonecraft influenced women of other countries has been more carefully examined here than previously. The tone of apology for her work, life, and opinions is at this time of day a mistake, and so is the importance attached to her views on certain subjects on which she had not thought very profoundly, in which she made no pretensions to be a specialist. In fact, Miss Rauschenbusch-Clough has carefully amassed the material out of which the perfect monograph may yet be written.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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Cheyne, Rev. T. K.—American Lectures on Jewish Religious Life after the Exile, 6/- .... Putnam

Clark, Mrs. F. E.—A Daily Message for Christian Endeavourers, 2/6 .... Bowden
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Confessions of St. Augustine, edited by Arthur Symons (The Scott Library), 1/6 .... Scott

Hastings, Dr. J.—The Expository Times, Vol. IX., 7/6 T. & T. Clark
[*Contains the numbers for the year ending September,* 1898. *An excellent portrait of Professor Driver forms the frontispiece.*]

Leibniz.—The Monadology and other Philosophical Works, translated by R. Latta, 8/6 .... Clarendon Press

Lushington, Rev. F. de W.—Sermons to Young Boys, 3/6.. Murray

Meyer, F. B.—Blessed are Ye, 2/- .... S. S. Union
[*A series of meditations on the Beatitudes. The tone is earnest and spiritual, and the book should prove helpful to many.*]

Parker, Dr. J.—Studies in Texts, Vol. II., 3/6 .... Marshall
[*A particularly interesting "Literary Retrospect" precedes this volume, in which the author gives some excellent advice to young writers, and also lays before his readers suggestions as to his own possible future publications. The "Studies" themselves are fertile in suggestion and rich in wisdom, a worthy continuation of Dr. Parker's valuable work.*]

Schofield, A. T.—The Unconscious Mind, 7/6 .... Hodder

Welsh, Rev. R. E.—The People and the Priest, 2/6 .... Bowden
[*A discussion of the present threefold controversy between the Reformed, the Anglo-Catholic, and the Roman Catholic Churches. The essential points are wisely and sympathetically brought forward. The standpoint is that of the Protestant Anglican.*]

FICTION.

Balfour, A.—To Arms, 6/- .... Methuen
[*See p.* 23.]

Balzac, H. de.—A Father's Curse, 3/6 .... Dent

Barlow, J.—From the East unto the West, 6/- .... Methuen

Bird, M.—The Seeker, 1/- .... Ward, Lock
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Black, W.—Wild Eelin, 6/- .... Low

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[*See p.* 19]

Cameron, Mrs. L.—The Ways of a Widow, 6/- .... White

Capes, B.—The Mysterious Singer, 1/- .... Arrowsmith

Connolly, J.—The Experiences of a Local Secretary Twenty Years Ago, 1/6 .... Unwin
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Croker, B. M.—Peggy of the Bartons, 6/- .... Methuen
[*See p.* 23.]

Davis, R. H.—The King's Jackal, 3/6 .... Heinemann
[*Mr. Davis has written more entertaining books than "The King's Jackal." The story is thin and the characters do not enlist the reader's sympathy. Gordon, the ubiquitous American journalist, who puts everybody and everything right, is an annoying creation.*]

Dawe, C.—The Voyage of the *Pulo Way*, 3/6 .... Ward, Lock
[*See p.* 25.]

Drury, W. P.—The Tadpole of an Archangel, 2/6 .... Simpkin

Dunbar, P. L.—Folks from Dixie, 3/6 .... Bowden

Fenn, G. M.—Nic Revel, 3/6 .... Chambers

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Gissing, G.—The Town Traveller, 6/- .... Methuen
[*See p.* 19.]

Gras, F.—The Terror, trans. by C. A. Janvier, 6/- .... Heinemann
[*See p.* 21.]

Grier, S.—A Crowned Queen, 6/- .... Blackwood
[*See p.* 22.]

Hamilton, B.—The Light ? 6/- .... Hurst & Blackett

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[*See p.* 22.]

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[*See p.* 24.]

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[*See p.* 20.]

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[*See p.* 10.]

Newberry, F. E.—Strange Conditions, 2/6 .... Hodder

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[*See p.* 23.]

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[*See p.* 25.]

Tytler, S.—Mrs. Carmichael's Goddesses, 3/6 .... Chatto
[*See p.* 24.]

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[*See p.* 22.]

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[*See p.* 27.]

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[*See p.* 14.]

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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6s. edit. of Vol. 8 Macaulay's History of England.
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Pater's Marius the Epicurean.